A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS

ON THE

Most important Subjects of the Gospel,

INCLUDING THE MOST

Interesting points of Christian Experience,

TAKEN FROM SOME OF THE BEST AUTHORS,

To which are added ſeveral NEW HYMNS.

THE WHOLE BEING DESIGNED

As a ready SUPPLEMENT for the uſe of

GOSPEL CHURCHES IN GENERAL.

By THOS. HUMPHRYS,

Member of Zion Chapel, Frampton-Cotterel, Gloceſterſhire.

Praiſe the Lord, O Jeruſalem, Praiſe thy God, O Zion. Ps. 147, 12.

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PREFACE,

To the CHURCH OF CHRIST at large.

WHEREAS many Collections and Compositions of Hymns have already been productive of a considerable degree of usefulness to the Church of Christ upon earth, and the labours of many thereby eminently blessed to the establishment and building up of the members of his mystical *body*; it will naturally follow, that every improvement that can be made in this most elevated part of divine worship must be acceptable to those who are so made alive, as to be enabled not only to raise the voice, but the heart also to God.

Four motives or considerations have induced me to make this Collection a public one.

First, many of these Hymns are the production of very respectable Authors, and yet were lying in a state of obscurity, and known only to a few, which I conceived would by this mode of publication become a useful acquisition to the Church; since the very best and choicest of those compositions are here preserved.

Secondly, the want of a due connection in many of the Hymns already composed, and often used, is a circumstance which I have for some time considered with concern, and as requiring a considerable alteration. There is a want of this connection even in the celebrated Dr. Watts, whose poetical talent often impelled him to soar beyond the boundaries of the subject, or at least, hastily to pass from one subject to another in the same

piece; likewiſe the fifth Hymn in this Collection though the production of an elevated genius, as left by him, comes peculiarly under the ſame objection: the four firſt verſes applying to the Birth, and the two laſt to the Paſſion of Chriſt, conſequently not juſtly applicable to either. But notwithſtanding theſe objections, it might not perhaps be doing juſtice to the Authors, or be an acceptable thing to the Church at large to alter them. Nevertheleſs, the detaching a few pieces here and there, altering them, and tranſplanting them on a freſh ſoil, I conceived might prove an advantage (rather than an injury) both to the Authors and the Church. But as moſt of the Authors from whom I have drawn my materials are reſting in their ſilent graves, it is their names alone that can ſuffer, or be enhanced in the eſteem of their ſurvivors.

The Third motive I had for publiſhing, aroſe from a thorough conviction of the want of a Collection on the plan I have adopted. Several Goſpel Miniſters having complained to me of the trouble they often had in finding Hymns to ſuit their ſubjects, and that, partly owing to what I have ſtated in my ſecond motive, and partly for want of a more regular mode of arrangement than has hitherto been obſerved by thoſe who have already publiſhed works of this ſort. I flatter myſelf that the heads I have choſen, as they are comprized in a very ſhort Index, will be peculiarly uſeful to Miniſters and their Aſſiſtants: ſeeing that the Hymns under any one of thoſe ſubjects will ſuit a

great variety of Texts of Scripture.

The Fourth motive which ſtimulated me to perſevere in the taſk, was the neceſſity of ſome pecuniary aid towards ſupporting a Goſpel Miniſtry, in a new erected Chapel in Gloceſterſhire: in a neighbourhood, where there are a great number of very poor Families, and not any opulent ones, at leaſt, that have hitherto embraced the Goſpel. And I pledge myſelf to the Public, that whatever profits may ariſe from the ſale of theſe Hymns ſhall all be applied to this ſole purpoſe, as long as I have the diſpoſal thereof.

But I cannot take my leave of the Public without offering a few obſervations on the Work itſelf.

That I have collected from a variety of Authors, is true; but there are but few Hymns that I have left exactly in the ſame ſtate I found them; ſeveral of which were of too great length to be uſed in pubiic worſhip: others of too perſonal a nature for public congregations: ſome touching only the ſurface of things, and not bringing the matter directly to the point, or home to the right object; for Hymns as well as Sermons ſhould aim at ſome object, and be directed as an arrow to the mark. Thoſe who conſult the alterations I have made in Mr. Hart's Hymns on Baptiſm, will readily underſtand my meaning.

I ſhould be ſorry indeed to depreciate another's intereſt, but I hope I have not made any alterations but what would be approved of by the Authors themſelves if they were my cotemporaries, and that will likewiſe

be approved of by the Church at large. And my ſincere deſire is, that ſouls may be benefited by them, and the name of Father, Son, and Spirit, glorified.

It may perhaps be objected that I have introduced too many on ſome of the ſubjects, particularly on the Feſtivals which our Church celebrates; but to this I anſwer: That ſinging the ſame Hymns over every year, makes them ſo very familiar, that they loſe half their *energy*: whereas if there be a change ſufficient to ſerve for two or three years without repetition, I conceive that ſuch a change may have happy effects in all regular congregations.

I need ſay but little in reſpect to the ſeveral Authors whose initials appear at the bottom of many of the Hymns: thoſe of them who ſurvive will diſcover their own, and thoſe who have read much will diſcover moſt of them. I much wiſhed to have drawn more from the excellent *Hammond*, whoſe experience, as well as poetical talent, is inferior to few: but I was afraid of ſwelling my book beyond its title, as I conceive a ſupplement ſhould not exceed originals. It is however, a pity, that ſuch a book ſhould be buried in oblivion. In reſpect to thoſe Hymns to which the ſmall letter (*a*) is prefixed, they certainly never appeared before; and I muſt ſubmit them to the candour of all Chriſtian Friends. If any ſoul be benefited by them, I have my reward: and to *Him*, who is *King* in *Zion*, be aſcribed the glory.

So prays your ready ſervant, for Chriſt's ſake,

The AUTHOR.

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ERRATA.

Page Line

137— 4 for bare read *bear*.

139—15 for the, read *thee*.

159—24 the word *Jehovah* deficient.

276—18 wants a *t* in the laft word of the line.

HYMNS.

THE NATIVITY.

HYMN 1. C. M.

Jesus's Incarnation.

INSPIRE my soul, thou Dove divine!
To sing my maker's praise:
And let thy light within me shine,
While I record his grace.

Behold! from far, in glory bright,
A seraph wings his way;
Behold! a new and wond'rous sight
Bursts from the realms of day.

Say, holy hosts of spirits blest,
Ye sons of high renown,
Hath ought disturb'd your heav'nly rest?
What errand brings you down?

" Doth fear pervade your troubled breaſts,
" Ye timid ſons of earth ?
" Know that this day heav'n's high bequeſt,
" Proclaims a Saviour's birth.

" In that fam'd town where Iſr'el's king,
" In ancient time was born,
" Is born the *Chriſt*, that *holy thing*
" Which ſhall your earth adorn.

" A *ſign* we give which ſhall ſurprize
" Yet guide your footſteps right ;
" *The Infant in a manger lies* :
" Haſte and behold the ſight.

" To God we now the *glory* ſing
" In ſtrains of heavenly lore :
" To men on earth *good will* we bring,
" And *peace* for evermore."

Thus angels ſang, and ſhepherds heard,
And joy impell'd their flight :
They haſted on nor danger fear'd
Till God had bleſt their ſight.

And ſhall our lips to ſing be ſlow
While we ſuch grace behold ?
Forbid the thought, let praiſes flow,
And all his love be told.

HYMN 2. C. M.

REJOICE, ye ſons of men! rejoice,
And ſend your fears away;
News from the regions of the ſkies,
Jeſus is born to day!

Jeſus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell on earth;
To-day he makes his entrance here
By a myſterious birth.

No gold nor purple ſwaddling bands,
Nor robes of bright array;
A manger for his cradle ſtands,
His ſofteſt bed is hay.

Go, ſhepherds, where the infant lies,
And ſee his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, ſhepherds, "*kiſs the Son.*"

Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace ſurround the earth;
Mortals ſhall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth.

R. H.

HYMN 3. C. M.

THE Prince of Light deſcends in love
From his auguſt abode:
Let ev'ry human boſom move
With gratitude to God.

Ye ranſom'd ſouls exalt your king,
Incarnate love adore:
Join heart and voice to bleſs and ſing
His grace for evermore.

Wake ev'ry ſoul and ſpread the joys
O'er all the wond'ring earth;
Let praiſes mount and pierce the ſkies,
At our Redeemer's birth.

Behold! the mighty God appears
In fleſh! amazing ſight!
What charming looks of love he wears,
All hail! thou Prince of Light!

Zion ariſe, thy *glory* comes
Ariſe and view his light;
His beams diſperſe the diſmal glooms
That ſin ſpreads o'er thy ſight.

Meſſiah's born! our God appears
To ſave us! bliſsful ſight!
What charming looks of love he wears
All hail! thou Prince of Light!

G. M.

HYMN 4. 11. s.

O JESUS my *Saviour*, I fain would embrace
Thy name and thy nature, thy *ſpirit* and grace,
And trace the dear footſteps of *Jeſus* my *Lord*,
And glory in him whom the nations abhorr'd.

O wonder of wonders! aſtoniſh'd I gaze,
To ſee in the *manger* the ancient of days;
And angels proclaiming the ſtranger forlorn,
And telling the ſhepherds that *Jeſus* is born!

My God, my *Creator*, the heavens did bow
To ranſom offenders and ſtoop'd very low;
The body prepar'd by his Father aſſumes,
And on the kind errand moſt joyfully comes.

For thouſands of ſinners the *Lord* bow'd his head,
For thouſands of ſinners he groan'd and he bled:
My ſpirit rejoices, the work it is done;
My ſoul is redeemed, ſalvation is won.

My God is returned to glory on high:
When death makes a paſſage, then to him I'll fly;
And gladly will leave all my brethren behind,
Expecting in glory we all ſhall be join'd.

L. H.

HYMN 5. C. M.

WHAT condeſcending grace and love
Did *Chriſt* for us diſplay,
Who left the glorious worlds above,
To dwell in mortal clay!

He not th' *angelic* form aſſum'd
Nor the celeſtial frame;
Tho' *angels* nobler natures boaſt,
And boaſt a nobler name.

Behold! of Abrah'm's faithful ſeed
The great *Redeemer* born;
See him in mortal fleſh appear,
Our nature to adorn!

It well the Saviour's love became,
A human form to wear;
That He might thus our *guilt* atone
And our tranſgreſſions bear.

Jeſus our merciful High-Prieſt,
With holy zeal was fraught,
When through the virgin's womb he came
And our ſalvation wrought.

Then to the throne of ſov'reign grace,
Let ſaints addreſs their ſong:
And holy joy and thankſulneſs
Burſt out from every tongue.

HYMN 6. C. M.

THE myſtery of godlineſs
Now we in *Jeſus* ſee;
Lo! manifeſt in human form
The glorious *Deity*.

How full of *truth*, how full of *grace*
Is God's beloved Son!
The Father's *image* here we trace
Complete in him alone.

Jeſus the heav'nly world reſigns
To dwell in mortal clay:
Yet ſtill beneath that humble *veil*
His *glory* we ſurvey.

While he our feeble nature wore
And in a manger lay;
Bright ſeraphs with harmonious tongues
To him their homage pay.

With joy they leave their high abode
The *Saviour* to proclaim;
To celebrate his wond'rous love,
And his immortal fame.

"Glory to God in higheſt ſtrains
"Good will to men on earth"
Reſounds thro' all the heav'nly plains
At *Chriſt* the *Saviour's* birth.

HYMN 7. 6-8ths.

JESUS, reſtorer of mankind,
Who didſt thy *glory* leave behind
And human fleſh on earth ſuſtain;
Thou art *Jehovah's* only Son,
Before old time his courſe begun
Before the world's foundation ſlain.

The *Saviour* of our race appears,
A ſervant's form He meanly wears,
He ſhews his *greatneſs* by his *grace*:
The choirs of heav'nly hoſts rejoice,
Angels to God lift up their voice,
And all the heav'ns are fill'd with praiſe.

The joyful meſſage of his birth
Spreads far and near thro' all the earth,
From eaſt to weſt his fame is blown:
A troop of angels dreſt in light,
To ſhepherds watching late at night,
Make our *Immanuel's* birth-day known.

" Ye ſons of men, rejoice and ſing!
" Tidings of peace to you we bring,
" For *Chriſt* the *Lord* is born to day;
" Unto all people tell the news,
" To gentile ſinners and the jews,
" He comes to take your ſins away."

Dear *Saviour* of the ſons of men,
In Thee thy Father's face is ſeen,
In Thee Jehovah's glories ſhine:
In Thee alone all nations hope,
To thee dejected ſouls look up;
They truſt Thy righteouſneſs divine.

Author of our ſalvation Thou,
To thee our hearts we humbly bow,
Accept us, ſinners as we are:
Come Thou deſire of nations come;
Deſcend and fix in us Thy home,
Lord! fix thy habitation there.

H.

HYMN 8. P. M.

HOW bleſt is the ſeaſon at which we appear,
Bow down ſenſe and reaſon; Faith only reigns here;
'Tis heard by mere nature, with coldneſs or ſcorn,
That God, our Creator, an infant was born.

Loſt ſouls to recover, and form them afreſh,
Our wonderful lover took *fleſh* of our *fleſh*:
Then let the dull dreamer awake to this morn;
And hail the Redeemer at Bethlehem born.

Ye drunkards, ye ſwearers, ye muckworms of earth,
Repent and be ſharers in this bleſſed birth.
From ſin to releaſe us, that yoke ſo long worn,
The holy child Jeſus of Mary was born.

Oppoſers, tranſgreſſors, of ev'ry degree,
And formal profeſſors, the worſt of the three,
With tears of contrition your fooliſhneſs mourn,
To give you remiſſion, Immanuel's born.

Ye vileſt of creatures, backſliders ſo baſe,
Bold rebels and traitors, abuſers of grace,
Come ceaſe your backſlidings, and once more return,
Receive the glad tidings, a Saviour is born.

Poor ſinners dejected and ſeeking for reſt,
Why are you afflicted, look here and be bleſt;
Why mourn ye for ever, ſad, hopeleſs, forlorn,
For ev'ry believer a Saviour is born.

II a

THE NEW YEAR.

HYMN 9. P. M.

ONCE more the conſtant ſun,
Revolving round his ſphere,
His ſteady courſe has run,
And brings another year.
He riſes, ſets, but goes not back;
Nor ever quits his deſtin'd track.

Hence, let believers learn
To keep a forward pace:
Be this our main concern,
To finiſh well our race.
Backſliding ſhun, with patience preſs
Towards the ſun of righteouſneſs.

What now ſhall be our taſk?
Or rather, what our prayer?
What good thing ſhall we aſk,
To proſper this new year?
With one accord our hands we'll lift;
And aſk our Lord ſome new year's gift.

No trifling gift or ſmall,
Should friends of Chriſt deſire;
Rich Lord beſtow on all
Pure gold, well tried by fire;
Faith that ſtands faſt when devils roar;
And Love that laſts for evermore.

I. H.

HYMN 10. 4-8ths—2-6ths.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid like the whirling ſpheres
Around the ſteady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I ſhall launch thoſe boundleſs deeps
Where endleſs ages roll.

The grave is near the cradle ſeen,
How ſwift the moments paſs between
And whiſper as they fly;
"Unthinking man remember this,
"Thou midſt thy ſublunary bliſs
"Muſt groan, and gaſp, and die."

Eternal bliſs, eternal woe,
Hangs on this inch of time below,
On this precarious breath:
The God of nature only knows,
Whether another year ſhall cloſe,
Ere I expire in death.

Long ere the ſun ſhall run its round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in ſilence rot;
Alas! one hour may cloſe the ſcene,
And ere twelve months ſhall roll between,
My name be quite forgot.

But will my ſoul be then extinct,
And ceaſe to live or ceaſe to think?
It cannot, cannot be.
Thou, my immortal, canſt not die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death ſhall ſet thee free?

Will mercy then its arms extend,
Will Jeſus be thy guardian friend,
And heav'n thy dwelling place?
Or, ſhall inſulting fiends appear,
To drag thee down to dark deſpair,
Beyond the reach of grace?

Lord if deſtruction's road I ſtray,
Help me to chooſe that better way,
Which leads to joys on high;
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live,
Such as I dare not die.

HYMN 11. C. M.

THE fleeting months, the rolling year,
But bear us to our doom:
The nights advance, the days appear,
To call us to our home.

The *ſpring* bedeck'd with op'ning flow'rs,
The *ſummer's* gaudy pride;
The richeſt fruits that *autumn* pours
In all her plenteous tide.

The *ſhiv'ring* blaſt of winter's wind,
The tempeſt, hail, and ſnow;
Are leſſons to th' attentive mind,
How fleeting's all below.

Fix'd then on realms of brighter bliſs,
Let all our wiſhes riſe;
And while we dwell in *worlds* like this,
Seek thoſe above the ſkies.

HYMN 12. 7's.

WHILE with ceaſeleſs courſe the ſun,
Haſted thro' the former year,
Many ſouls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

Fixt in an eternal ſtate,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the light'ning from the ſkies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days,
Bear us down life's rapid ſtream;
Upwards, Lord! our ſpirits raiſe,
All below is but a dream.

Thanks, for mercies paſt, receive,
Pardon for our ſins, renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bleſs thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a *Saviour's* love,
And when life's ſhort tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

N.

HYMN 13. C. M.

NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy preſence feel,
And ſoften hearts of ſtone.

Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a *Saviour's* name;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and ſhame.

From all the guilt of former ſin
May mercy ſet us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

Send down thy Spirit from above,
That ſaints may love thee more;
And ſinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.

And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worſhip here,
And praiſe thee in our room.

HYMN 14. 7's.

NOW may fervent pray'r ariſe,
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the ſkies;
Fervent pray'r ſhall bring us down
Gracious anſwers from thy throne.

Bleſs, O Lord, the op'ning year
To each ſoul aſſembled here;
Clothe thy word with pow'r divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

Shepherd of thy blood-bought ſheep!
Teach the ſtony heart to weep:
Let the blind have eyes to ſee,
See themſelves, and look on thee.

Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of ſacred truth;
While the goſpel call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

Where thou haſt thy work begun,
Give new ſtrength the race to run;
Scatter darkneſs, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

Bleſs us all, both old and young;
Call forth praiſe from ev'ry tongue;
Let the whole aſſembly prove
All thy pow'r, and all thy love.

N

HYMN 15. (See a Tune to this by Leech)

COME let us anew, our journey purſue;
Roll round with the year,
And never ſtand ſtill, till the *Maſter* appear.
His adorable will, let us strive to fulfil
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

Our life like a dream, and time as a ſtream
Glides ſwiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuſes to ſtay:
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone,
And eternity dear
Ruſhes on to our view and ere long will be here.

O that each in the day of its coming may ſay
I have fought my way through,
Having Jeſus my leader my captain in view;

And may I from my Lord then receive the glad word,
Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and ſit down on my throne.

L. a.

THE
PASSION OF CHRIST.

HYMN 16. L. M.

LO! what an awful ſight appears!
God's only Son o'erwhelm'd in tears!
See where, in grief, He proſtrate lies,
Pouring to Heav'n his groans and cries!

His fleſh the bloody ſweat o'erflows,
Extorted by a load of *woes*;
Ere yet he had reſign'd his breath,
"His *Soul* is ſorrowful to death."

Hark! while extended on the ground,
What cries, what loud laments reſound!
"*Father remove this bitter cup,*
"*E'er I the dregs of woe drink up.*

" *If ſtill it may not paſs away,*
" *Lo, I thy juſt decree obey;*
" *Proſtrate I fall before thy throne,*
" *Father, thy ſov'reign will be done!*"

May thy bright pattern, gracious Lord,
Be deep impreſt upon our mind,
And to our heav'nly Father's will,
Let ev'ry paſſion be reſign'd.

P

HYMN 17. P. M. 4-8ths, 2-7ths.

WHO hath our report believed
Of our God ſo deeply grieved,
Grieved for the ſinful race?
Lo! his arm of ſtrength revealed,
While the covenant unſealed,
Manifeſts Almighty grace.

As a tender plant while growing,
Full of richeſt ſap o'erflowing,
Springing in a thirſty ground;
So the Lord by man deſpiſed,
By his true diſciples prized,
Stands with grace and beauty crown'd.

By the nations long expected,
See him come by man rejected,
Deeply taught to ſuffer grief;
All our ſins where laid upon him,
While we hid our faces from him,
While he died for our relief.

No deceit his lips had ſpoken,
Blameleſs he no law had broken,
Stricken, ſmitten for our guilt:
Yet it pleas'd the Lord to chuſe him,
With Almighty wrath to bruiſe him,
When his blood for man was ſpilt.

R. H.

HYMN 18. L. M.

COME all ye choſen ſaints of God,
That long to feel Chriſt's cleanſing blood,
Your penſive voices join with me,
To ſing of ſad Gethſemane.

'Twas here the Lord of life appear'd,
And ſigh'd, and groan'd, and pray'd, and fear'd;
'Twas here Almighty vengeance ſtrove,
And grip'd, and grappled hard with love.

The pow'rs of hell they alſo preſs'd,
And ſqueez'd his heart, and bruis'd his breaſt.
What dreadful conflicts rag'd within,
When ſweat and blood pierc'd through his ſkin!

Diſpatch'd from heav'n an angel ſtood,
Amaz'd to find him bath'd in blood;
Ador'd by angels, and obey'd;
But lower now than angels made.

He ſtood to ſtrengthen, not to fight:
Juſtice exacts its utmoſt mite.
This victim, vengeance will purſue:
He undertook, and muſt go through.

Myſterious conflict! wond'rous deed!
The Lord of life muſt groan and bleed!
Angels aſtoniſh'd view the ſcene,
And wonder'd yet what all could mean.

He helpers ſought, but yet found none,
The tyrant *Death* he fought alone:
Though ſore amaz'd and greatly pain'd,
The *cup of wrath* he ne'er diſdain'd.

Brimful he drank it, dregs and all,
(The ſad effects of Adam's fall:)
That we his wretched offspring born,
Might once again to God return.

J. H. a.

HYMN 19. 6-8.

HOW ſhall I bleſs the bleeding Lamb,
Or his amazing kindneſs ſhew,
Give equal honours to his name,
Or render him the praiſes due?
Lo! God for ſinners bleeds and dies;
Our maker is our ſacrifice.

His love is large, and knows no bounds;
Immenſe, eternal, infinite;
His grace o'er all our ſin abounds;
Who can declare its depth or height?
Angels above deſire to ſee
The truth of this great myſtery.

The guilt of ſin, a heavy load,
Diſmays and preſſes down our ſouls;
And when we bathe in Jeſu's blood,
On him the grievous burthen rolls:
Jeſus proclaims the jubilee,
And ſets the captive ſinner free.

Sin ſtirs and ſtrives, and oft prevails,
And Satan too our ſouls enſlaves;
The love of Jeſus never fails,

For Jeſus to the utmoſt ſaves;
I came that thoſe who live (ſaith he)
More life might have abundantly.

Say then my ſoul, what wilt thou do
For him who did ſo much for thee?
How wilt thou worthy honour ſhew
To him who hung upon the tree?
His arm thy great ſalvation wrought,
His love ſurpaſſeth all thy thought.

Oh! for that world which yet remains,
That land of reſt for ſaints above!
There ſhall we chant in nobler ſtrains
The myſteries of Jeſu's love;
His love alone ſhall be our ſong,
While endless ages roll along.

II

HYMN 20. 7's.

JESUS, full of truth and grace,
Comes in mercy from above,
Manifeſting rich diſplays
Of his bleeding, dying love.

Ye, who pierc'd the Lamb of God,
Caus'd his bitter agony,
Bluſh to ſee him bath'd in blood,
Dying on th' accurſed tree.

Lo! the heavenly Sufferer dies,
Bowing down his ſacred head;
What a coſtly ſacrifice
God the holy Saviour made!

He alone ſuſtains our grief,
Dies for our iniquities,
Bears the curſe for our relief;
Never ſure was grief like his.

Deareſt Sufferer, thee we own,
All our powers belong to thee;
Claim us for thyſelf alone,
Thine for ever may we be.

R. H.

HYMN 21. L. M.

THE wonders, Lord, thy love hath wrought
Exceed all praiſe, ſurmount all thought;

Should we attempt the long detail,
Our ſpeech would faint, our numbers fail.

No blood of beaſts on altars ſpilt,
Can cleanſe the ſouls of men from guilt:
But thou haſt ſet before our eyes
An all-ſufficient ſacrifice.

Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy deſigns he bows his ears;
Aſſumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work ſo hard.

"Behold I come," the Saviour cries,
Love is the language of his eyes;
"I come to bear ſin's heavy load,
"And do thy righteous will, O God.

"I'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obedience draw:
"When on my croſs I'm lifted high,
"I'll win their hearts and bring them nigh.

"Thy law is written in my heart,
"I'll finiſh well the Saviour's part;
"Bid wondering worlds adore my grace,
"And ſave them by my righteouſneſs."

R. H.

HYMN 22. C. M,

'TWAS in an hour when wrath prevail'd,
And pow'rs of darkneſs roſe :
A ſudden groan my ear aſſail'd,
Expreſſing dying woes.

I turn'd ; then like a ſtatue ſtood
At what mine eyes ſurvey'd,
A Prince expiring in his blood,
And on a croſs diſplay'd.

I knew him, tho' his thorny crown
Dimm'd his majeſtic air :
Then I demanded with a frown
" What traitor fix'd him there."

No anſwer to my voice I heard,
Nor could diſcern a foe ;
When lo ! his fainting head he rear'd,
And ſpake in words of woe :

" Ceaſe wretch, from vain enquiry reſt,
" My cruel murderer ſee ;
" Thy ſins have rent my bleeding breaſt,
" And nail'd me to the tree."

Trembling I fell, and kiſs'd his wounds,
And wip'd the gore away;
I ſaw him ſmooth his killing frowns,
And heard him gently ſay:

"Riſe, let thy heart its grief compoſe,
"Thy Saviour can forgive;
"He feels the burden of thy woes,
"And dies to bid thee live.

"For wretches baſe and vile as thou,
"My blood runs ſtreaming down;
"This ſacrifice; *behold it now,*
"Exalts thee to a crown."

G. m. a.

HYMN 23. L. M.

IN notes of joy, with chearful ſongs,
Ye ſaints to praiſe the Lamb conſpire;
Your heav'nly harps, ye angels join,
And wake to extacy the lyre.

On earth was ne'er ſuch grace diſplay'd,
Ne'er ſuch ſtupendous mercy ſhown,

The Lord of life and glory dies,
For man's tranſgreſſion to atone!

The crimſon ſtream that from him flow'd,
Still makes his grace the brighter ſhine;
Who ſinners reconcil'd to God,
And did for us his life reſign.

Let love in a ſupreme degree,
From ev'ry heart to Jeſus riſe;
Who from the curſe to ſet us free,
Became himſelf our ſacrifice.

P.

HYMN 24. C. M.

WHAT bright diſplays of wond'rous grace,
Are ſet before our eyes!
See *Jeſus* hanging on the croſs,
A bleeding ſacrifice!

Lo! on his head the thorny crown
Which he for ſinners wore;
His ſacred temples pierc'd and torn,
Streaming at every pore!

The deadly ſpear transfix'd his ſide,
The nails, his hands and feet;
In unknown agonies he dy'd,
Our ranſom to complete.

"*'Tis finiſh'd*" the Redeemer cry'd
With love more ſtrong than death;
Then juſtice having ſatisfy'd,
Jeſus reſigns his breath.

P.

HYMN 25. 2-10, 2-11.

THE dear Lamb of God Comes forth to be ſlain,
And offers his blood To waſh off our ſtain;
—With bittereſt anguiſh He groans on the tree;
—And hung, and did languiſh, For ſinners like me.

Look on him my ſoul, And gaze on his ſmart,
His cries may controul The luſts of thy heart:
—His blood has ſet often The worſt broken bones;
—His love too can ſoften Hearts harder than ſtones.

Thou'rt cover'd and fed Alone at his coſt,
Thy raiment and bread Is giv'n by thy hoſt:
—His patience inherit, His lowlineſs prove,
—Catch all his ſweet ſpirit, and burn with his love.

HYMN 26. C. M.

A Voice was heard near Jordan's ſtreams,
And in the deſert wood;
Crying to liſt'ning multitudes
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

Behold, my ſoul, this ſpotleſs Lamb
Fall a ſweet ſacrifice;
Thy friend, thy Saviour, and thy God,
Is ſlaughter'd, bleeds, and dies!

Within his ſacred, bleeding heart,
Ten thouſand bleſſings move;
And from his dear divided veins
Flow ſtreams of heav'nly love.

O may the precious crimſon drops
Which my Immanuel bled,
Be pour'd into my longing ſoul,
To raiſe me from the dead!

O God the Holy Ghoſt, deſcend,
And glorify my King;
Then to the undivided Three
Tranſported I ſhall ſing.

Eternal thanks for dying love
My voice ſhall utter loud:
Jeſus th' anointed Lamb of God
Has ſhed redeeming blood.

In ſweeter muſic, higher ſtrains,
I'd praiſe him if I could:
And ſay to all the fallen race,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

G. M.

HYMN 27. L. M.

AWAKE our hearts, awake our tongues,
To him who ſhed for us his blood.
O hail him now with grateful ſongs,
Awake, and hail the ſuffering God.

Beneath our ſins the Saviour ſunk;
For us the Father's wine-preſs trod,
He all our cup of ſorrows drunk,
Such love was thine, thou ſuffering God.

O purge our conſciences from ſin,
Bleſt Spirit by the Saviour's blood,
And make and keep us pure within,
That we may praiſe our ſuffering God.

New, holy, heav'nly, may we be,
Our feet with goſpel ſandals ſhod;
So Father, Son, and Spirit, we
Will bleſs thee in our ſuffering God.

G. M.

HYMN 28. L. M.

JESUS, the Saviour! yes, tis He!
Victim of wrath, lo! where he hangs!
Nail'd, with contempt on yonder tree:
The Lord of life in dying pangs.

Hark! how the burſting thunders groan!
See; the ſwift lightnings flaſh around!
The ſtartling rocks their God bemoan,
And ſighing nature heaves the ground.

The Sun deplores his Lord's diſgrace;
Abaſh'd, his ſuff'ring Maker knows,
And veiling his reſplendent face,
O'er the pale moon concealment throws.

On all that fills the lucid ſky,
Darkneſs her diſmal mantle rolls;
And terrors upon terrors fly,
Round the ſad world to both her poles.

Nature, all-trembling, fled the ſcene:
Man, only man, obdurate ſtood;
Nor felt the keen diſtreſs of ſin,
In tears divine, and groans, and blood.

Tears upon tears fell trickling down
Sure, angels wept for cruel men;
And tears in heav'n for once were known
Where not a tear ſhall drop again.

But ceaſe, my ſoul, ceaſe to deplore:
Salvation flow'd while Jeſus bled;
Then wrapt in wond'ring love, adore,
And lift in praiſe thy drooping head!

G.

HYMN 29. 7's.

LO! the Prince of glory bleeds,
On the ignominious tree;
Grace that all our thoughts exceed,
Shewn to ſinners ſuch as we.

There he vanquiſhes our foes,
And the pow'rs of hell deſtroys;
We redeem'd from endleſs woes,
Now poſſeſs immortal joys.

O! forbid it mighty God,
We ſhould triumph or rejoice;
Save in Jeſu's precious blood
And in his victorious croſs.

So tranſcendent was thy love,
Thou didſt leave thy heav'nly Throne;
And the ſhining worlds above,
Boundleſs *Mercy! Grace* unknown!

Hymns of joy to Jeſus ſing,
We to him redemption owe;
Jeſus our victorious King,
Ranſom'd us from endleſs woe.

P.

HYMN 30. L. M.

DOWN to the dark, the ſilent grave
Behold the Lord of life deſcend!
That we might thence redemption have,
And to immortal bliſs aſcend.

Oh! may that grace inſpire our breaſt,
That tunes the heav'nly harps above!
To ſing like thoſe among the bleſt,
Jeſus, and his redeeming love.

P.

HYMN 31. L. M.

COME view the field of love divine,
Where I delight to rove and glean,
How pleaſant to this ſoul of mine!
What ſpices blow—what joys are ſeen!

I'm loſt in admiration here,
Is this the *Garden* of my God?
What fragrant balm is that ſo near?
'Tis pardon ſprinkled with rich blood.

Is this the manner of his love?
Did He to ſcreen my guilty head
Leave thoſe celeſtial joys above,
To ſuffer vengeance in my ſtead.

Methinks I ſee the dreadful ſword
Plung'd in his body on the tree;
But why, O why, my deareſt Lord,
Why this extreme expence for me?

Why this excruciating pain?
Why wilt Thou ſuffer, bleed, and die?
Why part with blood from ev'ry vein,
To ſave a wretch ſo vile as I?

O let my ſoul adoring bend
Whilſt I ſurvey this matchleſs grace;
Though I can never comprehend
That love which ſaves a trait'rous race.

Yet I would fain more fully know
The myſt'ries of Thy *dying* love;
That from my grateful heart may flow
Seraphic Hymns, like thoſe above.

Thou *Root* and *Tree* of life divine,
Let me be grafted into Thee:
And let me prove that thou art mine,
Both here, and in eternity.

S. H. a.

HYMN 32. L. M.

DID Jeſus bleed! did Jeſus die!
And yield himſelf a ſacrifice?
Could nothing but a price ſo high
The *Juſtice* of a God ſuffice?

What is thy load of guilt, my ſoul,
What are the rig'rous law's demands?
Could not the gems from India ſtole
Acquit thee where ſtern Juſtice ſtands?

Alas! alas! they're all but vain
Th' enormous treſpaſs to ſurmount:
Ten thouſand rams on altars ſlain
Could not eraſe the vaſt account.

'Tis blood *divine* muſt cancel all,
And ſtand between thy God and thee:
Thy ſins aloud proclaim thy fall,
But louder that which ſets thee free.

Go then to Calv'ry's tragic mount,
Where *Juſtice* all its rigour ſhows;
'Tis there alone thou'lt find th' account
Which ſhall thy load of guilt diſcloſe.

There lay thee low, as one that mourns
His firſt-born ſon for ever fled:
And let thy grief make quick returns,
Of *ſorrow* to thy dying head.

a.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

GLORY to the great Three-in One,
And this our ſong ſhall be;
Long as the wheels of time ſhall run,
And to eternity.

THE

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

HYMN 33. L. M.

BLEST angels aid me with your ſong,
To whom ſublimer notes belong ;
Your golden harps and voices join,
To ſing Immanuel's love divine.

Lo, He who on the croſs was ſlain,
High thron'd in glory lives again !
At once he burſts death's fatal bands,
In vain the power of Hell withſtands.

With ſongs of joy addreſs his name,
His vict'ries and his love proclaim ;
Sing how he conquered when he fell,
And vanquiſh'd Sin, and Death, and Hell.

We in his vict'ries ſhall partake ;
He gain'd thoſe triumphs for our ſake.
Immortal praiſes to the Lamb,
Who death by his own death o'ercame.

Saints! ſhout with joy your ris'n God,
And ſpread his boundleſs love abroad;
Let ev'ry heart the Saviour bleſs,
And ev'ry tongue his name confeſs.

P.

HYMN 34. P. M.

ALL hail the glorious morn
That ſaw our Saviour riſe;
With vict'ry bright adorn'd,
And triumph in his eyes;
Ye ſaints extol Your ris'n Lord,
And ſing his praiſe With ſweet accord.

Behold the Lamb of God,
Th' atoning ſacrifice,
Suſtains the dreadful load
Of man's iniquities.
Death, Sin, and Hell, Our cruel foes,
All vanquiſh'd, fell, When Jeſus roſe.

At once the priſon doors
Death's awful gates expand;
Their captive they reſtore,
At his ſupreme command.

How bleſt the hour (Awake our joys)
Hell's fatal power, Lo, he deſtroys.

The Conqueror aſcends
In triumph to the ſkies;
Celeſtial hoſts attend
To crown his victories.
Hark! they proclaim His glorious name;
All Heav'n reſounds Immanuel's fame.

Now to the throne above
Let ev'ry ſaint draw near;
There dwells incarnate love,
Grace ſits triumphant there:
See *Mercy* ſmile, Ev'n on that throne
Where once did wrath And juſtice frown.

High praiſes to the Lamb
Who offer'd up his blood;
Hoſannas to his name
That for our ranſom ſtood.
In notes ſublime with Joy we ſing
The love divine of Chriſt our King.

P.

HYMN 35. L. M.

LET ſaints with joy their tribute bring
To Chriſt their Saviour, Lord, and King;

With one accord conſpire to praiſe
The Lamb of God in ſacred lays.

Proclaim the wonders he hath done,
Who once reſign'd his heav'nly throne;
Sing the rich grace which he diſplay'd,
When his own life for us he paid.

See Juſtice by his death appeas'd,
And man from wrath divine releas'd:
Yet over him the darkſome grave
No pow'r could boaſt nor empire have.

Our Jeſus broke its bars away,
And mounts to everlaſting day;
Behold the Conqueror ariſe,
While angels hail him to the ſkies.

See where he ſits enthron'd on high,
Circled with rays of majeſty;
Let ſaints with joy and pleaſure ſing
The triumphs of their heav'nly king.

P. a.

HYMN 35. L. M.

HOW bleſt were they whoſe watchful eyes
Beheld the great Redeemer riſe,
From the dark manſions of the tomb,
And from Death's more tremendous gloom,

Triumphing o'er his vanquiſh'd foes,
The Lord of Life and Glory roſe:
In him let ev'ry heart rejoice,
And ſing his praiſe with cheerful voice.

His triumphs and his vict'ries tell,
Sing how he conquered death and hell:
Our ranſom paid, he lives again,
And ſees the fruit of all his pain.

Before his ſaints' admiring eyes,
Lo, he aſcends the upper ſkies!
Far hence be each deſponding fear,
Whilſt joys like theſe our ſpirits cheer.

Jeſus th' eternal world commands,
The keys of death are in his hands;
Hell trembles at his awful pow'r,
And all the heav'nly hoſt adore.

HYMN 37 L. M.

HOW ſhall our feeble lips proclaim
The honours of the Saviour's name;
Or how the gratitude declare,
Our hearts inflam'd to Jeſus bear?

To manifeſt his wondrous love,
Behold he leaves the worlds above;
From climes of bliſs beyond the ſky,
Swift he deſcends to bleed and die!

Lo, He again from death revives,
Jeſus the great Redeemer lives;
High ſeated on his Father's throne,
He ſheds his choiceſt bleſſings down.

P.

HYMN 38. 7's.

DID Chriſt the Lord ariſe to-day,
Sons of men and angels ſay?
Then let your joys likewiſe riſe,
And unbounded pierce the ſkies.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the ſun's eclipſe is o'er,
Lo! he ſets in blood no more.

Vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal,
Chriſt hath burſt the gates of Hell:
Death ſhall ne'er forbid his riſe,
Chriſt hath open'd Paradiſe.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy ſting?
Once he died our ſouls to ſave;
Where's thy victory, boaſting grave?

Soar we now where Chriſt has led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like him, like him we riſe,
Our's the croſs, the grave, the ſkies.

What tho' once we periſh'd all,
Partners of our parent's fall;
Second life we ſhall receive,
And in Chriſt for ever live.

Hail thou Lord of Heav'n and Earth!
Born to give us ſecond birth:
Died to ſave, and roſe again,
Men and angels ſay Amen.

R. H.

HYMN 39. 7's.

ANGELS, roll the ſtone away,
Den of Death, reſign thy prey;
See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
Riſing with immortal bloom.

Saints of God, lift up your eyes,
See the Conqu'ror now ariſe :
Troops of angels on the road,
Hail and ſing th' incarnate God.

Heav'n unfolds its portals wide;
Matchleſs Hero, thro' them ride;
King of Glory, mount thy throne;
Boundleſs empire is thy own.

Praiſe him, ye celeſtial choirs,
Praiſe and ſweep your golden lyres;
Praiſe him in the nobleſt ſongs,
From ten thouſand, thouſand tongues.

See, He conquered when he fell,
All the pow'rs of Death and Hell;
Dragg'd in chains th' infernal foe,
And bid the captive pris'ners go,

Saints! his name alone adore,
Sound his praiſe from ſhore to ſhore :
Let creation's utmoſt bound
Echo to the bliſsful ſound.

Thro' the earth, and thro' the ſkies,
Let unbounded praiſes riſe :
Praiſe by men and angels too,
Songs of praiſes ever new.

G. *m. a.*

HYMN 40. S. M.

CHRISTIANS! diſmiſs your fear;
Let hope and joy ſucceed:
The great good news with gladneſs hear,
The Lord is ris'n indeed.

The ſhades of death withdrawn,
His eyes their beams diſplay:
So wakes the ſun, when roſy dawn
Unbars the gates of day.

The promiſe is fulfill'd;
Salvation's work is done;
Juſtice with mercy's reconcil'd,
And God has rais'd his ſon.

He quits the dark abode,
From all corruption free:
The holy, harmleſs child of God,
Could no corruption ſee.

Angels with ſaints above
The riſing victor ſing,
And all the bliſsful ſeats of love
With loud hoſannas ring.

Ye pilgrims too below,
Your hearts and voices raiſe;
Let ev'ry breaſt with gladneſs glow,
And ev'ry mouth ſing praiſe.

My ſoul, thy Saviour laud,
Who all thy ſorrows bore:
Who dy'd for ſin, but lives to God;
And lives to die no more.

His death procur'd thy peace,
His reſurrection's thine:
Believe; receive the full releaſe;
'Tis ſign'd with blood divine.

I. H.

HYMN 41. L. M.

ONCE more I'll tune the ſacred lyre,
Though late my harp appear'd unſtrung:
New wonder kindles ſacred fire,
And once again lets looſe my tongue.

O thou whoſe pow'r is unconfin'd,
Whoſe matchleſs triumphs angels ſcan,
Who heav'nly glory once reſign'd,
To ſave thy ruin'd creature, man;

Thy woes I late beheld with grief,
  Whilſt on thy croſs extended high,
My heart rejected all relief,
  My boſom heav'd the deep-felt ſigh.

But now, behold! the ſcene is paſt,
  The ſcene which ſaddened all my ſoul:
Lo! I deſcry my Lord at laſt,
  Superior riſe o'er death's controul.

He burſt its adamantine bands,
  Deſtroy'd that curs'd malignant foe:
And reſcu'd from the monſter's hands,
  Thoſe that his great ſalvation know.

Whoſe lives in bondage long had been,
  By Sin and Satan held and bound:
No more a prey to *Death* nor *Sin*,
  Since Chriſt doth riſe with vict'ry crown'd.

His triumphs, then, let angels ſing,
  And men proclaim from ſhore to ſhore,
And thou, my ſoul, thy tribute bring,
  And thy *reviving* God adore.

THE

ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

HYMN 42. C. M.

NOW for a theme of thankful praiſe,
To tune the ſtamm'rer's tongue:
Chriſtians, your hearts and voices raiſe,
And join the joyful ſong.

The Lord's aſcended up on high,
In triumph now to reign:
To ſit in glorious majeſty,
While all his foes are ſlain.

See, from the regions of the dead,
Thro' all th' etherial plains,
The pow'rs of darkneſs captive led;
And Satan bound in chains.

Y' eternal gates, your leaves unfold;
Receive the conqu'ring King:
Ye angels, ſtrike your harps of gold,
And ſaints, triumphant ſing.

Sinners, rejoice ; he died for you,
And now prepares a place ;
Sends down his Sp'rit to guide you thro' ;
With ev'ry gift and grace.

His blood which did your ſins atone,
Now your ſalvation pleads :
While ſeated on his Father's throne,
Chriſt reigns and intercedes.

I. H. a.

HYMN 43. L. M.

NOW let us raiſe our joyful eyes
Where Jeſus reigns above the ſkies !
Bleſt object of our ſoul's eſteem !
Be ev'ry heart now fix'd on Him.

To him is our allegiance due,
Our captain and our conqueror too ;
For us he once endur'd the croſs,
Expiring to redeem our loſs.

He bore the pain, deſpis'd the ſhame,
And dying all our foes o'ercame !
'Twas the Redeemer's higheſt joy
To ſave, where ſin did once deſtroy.

See, He again from death revives!
Ye saints rejoice our Jesus lives;
Behold Him leave the silent tomb!
And robes of victory assume.

Behold him mount the shining way
That leads to everlasting day!
He who for sinners once aton'd,
At God's right hand now sits enthron'd.

Bright crown'd with majesty and love,
The gracious Saviour reigns above;
His saints their grateful praises bring,
And hail him universal King.

P.

HYMN 44. P. M.

UNFOLD ye heav'nly gates,
See here the conqu'ror come
To the bright palaces
Of his eternal home.
Whom heav'n adores, He is at hand;
Then wide expand your sacred doors!

Who is this glorious King?
(Both saints and angels sing)

To whom on either hand,
The heav'nly gates expand?
The mighty Lord for ſtrength renown'd,
And far and wide his triumphs ſound.

Lift up your heads ye gates,
And be exalted high;
The King in robes of ſtate,
Doth to his glory fly:
To worlds of light, and pow'r divine,
Whilſt on his head, his vict'ries ſhine.

Who is this glorious King
(Aloud the angels ſing)
Whom ev'ry ſaint adores,
And all the heav'nly pow'rs?
The Lord of Hoſts, with vict'ry crown'd,
Ye heav'nly Hoſt, his name reſound!

P. a.

HYMN 45. L. M.

OUR Lord is riſen from the dead,
Our Jeſus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the ſky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the ſolemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlaſting doors give way!

Looſe all your maſſy bars of light,
And wide unfold th' etherial ſcene;
He claims thoſe manſions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.

Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, ſin, death, and hell, o'erthrew,
And Jeſus is the conqueror's name.

Lo! his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the ſolemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlaſting doors, give way.

Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord of glorious power poſſeſt;
The King of Saints and Angels too,
God over all, for ever bleſt!

R. H.

HYMN 46. C. M.

JESUS is now gone up on high
To fill an heav'nly throne;

He captive, leads captivity,
And tramples Satan down.

Gifts from his Father he receives,
For poor rebellious man;
The ſinner who in him believes,
That ſoul is born again.

Good Spirit! like a ruſhing wind,
Deſcend and fill each heart:
Let all our ſouls to God be join'd,
And bid our fears depart.

Our panting ſpirits thirſt and cry,
Come Holy Spirit come:
Our natures change and purify,
Then take us to thy home.

H. a.

HYMN 47. L. M.

FROM realms of light where glory reigns,
And joys ineffable abound:
Where angels ſing extatic ſtrains,
And all th' eternal hills reſound.

From this bleſt place, the Prince of *peace*,
Down to this lower world deſcends:
A human form here veils his face,
To ſervitude he condeſcends.

To work, to travel, faſt, and pray,
To bear reproach and ſuffer ſhame;
To reſcue Satan's hopeleſs prey,
For this, this great *deliv'rer* came.

To yield his ſoul an off'ring too,
And ignominiouſly to die;
The Son of God did bear that woe,
For ſinners, ſuch as you, and I.

Yet now again behold him riſe,
And all the pow'rs of hell defy:
Our ſpirits now with ſweet ſurprize,
Behold our God aſcending high!

Death, captive held the human race,
And Satan wag'd eternal war;
But Chriſt reſtores to life and peace,
Then mounts aloft his fiery car!

Maugre all the infernal pow'rs,
They're conquer'd now, and overcome:
His was the woe; the bliſs is ours;
Let ſhouts of triumph hail him home!

HYMN 48, C. M.

BEYOND the glitt'ring ſtarry ſky,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There in the boundleſs world of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.

Legions of angels, ſtrong and fair,
In countleſs armies ſhine;
At his right hand with golden harps,
To offer ſongs divine.

"Hail prince! (they cry) for ever hail!
Whoſe unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit theſe glorious realms,
And royalty above."

Whilſt he did condeſcend, on earth
To ſuffer rude diſdain;
They threw their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.

Thro' all his travels here below,
They did his ſteps attend:
Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where, at laſt,
This ſcene of love would end!

They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,
His crimson sweat and gore;
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before.

They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne:
Clapt their triumphant wings and cry'd.
"The glorious work is done."

G. M.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

HYNN 49. 7's.

GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Now descends the Comforter;
Open wide your hearts, to prove
All the pow'rs of life and love.

Come divine and peaceful guest,
Enter ev'ry waiting breast;
Holy Ghost our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

Prince of Peace, and Lord of Life,
Give us agonizing ſtrife!
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the gift and giver too.

Come and wake theſe hearts of earth,
Wake us into second birth;
Quick'ning pow'r may we receive;
Breathe, and our dry bones ſhall live.

Bid our ſin and ſorrow ceaſe,
Fill us with thine heav'nly peace;
Joy divine we then ſhall prove,
Light of truth and fire of love.

R. H.

HYMN 50. 6—8.

JESUS, we hang upon thy word,
Our longing ſouls have heard from thee,
Be mindful of thy promiſe, Lord,
Thy promiſe made ſo rich and free,
To ſuch as Sion's paths purſue,
And would believe that God is true.

Thou ſay'ſt "I will the Father pray,
"And he the Comforter ſhall give,
"Shall give him in your hearts to ſtay,
"And never more his temples leave;
"Myſelf will to my orphans come,
"And make you mine eternal home."

Come then, dear Lord, thyſelf reveal,
And let thy promiſe now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word of grace:
Thy ſorrowful diſciples cheer,
And ſend us down the comforter.

He viſits oft the troubled breaſt,
And oft relieves our ſad complaint;
But ſoon we loſe the tranſient gueſt,
But ſoon we droop again and faint.
Repeat the melancholy moan,
"Our joy is fled, our comfort gone!"

Haſten him, Lord, into each heart
Our ſure inſeparable guide;
O might we meet, and never part!
O might he in our hearts abide!
And keep his houſe of praiſe and pray'r,
And reſt and reign for ever there!

R. H.

HYMN 51. L. M.

IN ancient times the prophets told
What God in theſe laſt days would do:
What wonders new, He would unfold,
What love He would to Israel ſhew.

"I will," ſays he, "upon them pour
"A rich effuſion of my grace:
"The time I now appoint, the hour,
"When *glory* ſhall unveil its face.

"And not confin'd to old or young,
"The wonders I intend to ſhew:
"To each the viſion ſhall belong,
"To father, ſon, and daughter too.

"Nor dreams, nor viſions ſhall alone,
"The ſons of men to life reſtore;
"My ſpirit, from my holy throne,
"Shall ſecrets teach unknown before.

"Nor here ſhall ceaſe my power and might,
"My arm of ſtrength I will make bare:
"My foes I'll ſurely put to flight,
"Then Iſrael ſhall my bleſſings ſhare.

"Diſeaſe, and pain, and death ſhall fly;
"And fear, and grief, and wild diſmay:

" Enthrall'd no more ſhall Iſrael lie;
" Full, free ſalvation, I'll diſplay !"

And now, behold! as on this day,
In cloven tongues the ſpirit came;
Now miſts and darkneſs fled away,
And fire *divine* began to *flame!*

The *goſpel trumpet* now was blown,
And ſhook the depths of hell profound!
Great grace to all th' elect was ſhown
That heard and knew its joyful ſound.

This trumpet ſtill doth ſound aloud,
And calls to wretched ſinful men:
Hear it ye vain, ye poor, ye proud;
Repent and turn to God again.

A.

OPENING
OF
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN 52. 7's

SAVIOUR, wilt thou now appear?
Thou haſt often met us here;

Bleſſed Maſter never ceaſe,
Make thy work of grace increaſe;
Take away our love of ſin,
Shed thy glory, Lord, within.
Give us double for our ſhame,
Let our portion be the Lamb.

Open, Lord, the fountain wide,
Hide us now in thy dear ſide:
Thy rich mercy has no bounds,
Healing ſtreams flow from thy wounds:
Love us, waſh us in thy blood;
Make us kings and prieſts to God:
Let new names to us be giv'n,
Sons of God and Heirs of Heav'n.

Son of man, in this thy day,
Thine abundant grace diſplay;
Preach th' acceptable year,
Bring the goſpel tidings near:
Sin and Satan Lord dethrone,
Rule and reign in us alone;
Save us all from ſin and wrath,
Make us heirs of God thro' faith.

'Stabliſh, Lord, our hearts with grace,
Give us an abiding peace:
Then, tho' floods around us flow,
Tho' winds from all quarters blow;

Built upon thyſelf, the rock,
We endure the mighty ſhock:
We ſhall over and above
Conqu'rors be thro' matchleſs love

H.

HYMN 53. S. M.

AWAKE and ſing the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb:
Tune ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To ſing the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his riſing pow'r;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For all whoſe ſins he bore.

Look back and ſee the ſtate,
Wherein your nature lay;
Then wonder at his love ſo great,
Who did your ranſom pay.

His faithfulneſs proclaim,
While life and health are given:
Join hands and hearts to praiſe his name,
Till we all meet in heav'n.

Leave carnal joys below,
To men of meaner taſte;
Think, ſpeak, and ſing of nothing now,
But Chriſt the firſt and laſt.

Sing till you feel your hearts
Aſcending with your tongues:
Sing till the love of ſin departs,
And grace inſpires your ſongs.

H.

HYMN 54. L. M.

AWAKE my ſoul to praiſe the Lord
Ye ſaints unite in ſweet accord;
Join all to celebrate the name
Of Jeſus, and his grace proclaim.

That ſacred name for ever dear,
No muſic ſo delights the ear;
Sure refuge from the wrath divine,
Here boundleſs love and mercy ſhine!

Where'er 'tis heard, the joyful ſound
Spreads peace and gladneſs all around,
But to the trembling ſinner's heart,
Can joys unutterable impart.

In Chriſt we full redemption gain,
Pardon'd thro' his atoning blood;
The ſpotleſs Lamb that once was ſlain,
To bring the guilty near to God.

P.

HYMN 55. S. M.

ATTEND, the Saviour calls;
How charming is the ſound!
Ye heavy laden ſinners all,
In me your help is found.

O ye with guilt oppreſt,
With fears of wrath divine;
Come and partake the promis'd reſt;
For pardoning grace is mine.

Come near to me ye ſaints,
Your Saviour, lowly, meek,
Mine arm your burdens ſhall remove,
And all your bondage break.

'Tis mine to give you reſt,
To make the wounded whole;
To bleſs with peace the troubled breaſt,
And raiſe the ſinking ſoul.

Whoe'er my yoke will bear
With a contented mind;
He ſhall my richeſt bleſſings ſhare,
And inward pleaſure find.

P.

HYMN 56. L. M.

THANKS to thy name, O Lord, that we
One glorious ſabbath more behold;
Dear Shepherd, let us meet with thee,
Among thy ſheep in this thy fold.

Now, Lord, among thy tribes appear,
And let thy preſence fill the throng;
Thy awful voice let ſinners hear,
And bid the feeble heart be ſtrong.

Gather the Lambs into thine arms,
And ſatisfy their ev'ry want,
And thoſe with young defend from harms,
And gently lead them leaſt they faint.

Put forth the ſhepherd's crook and ſtay
Thy wand'ring ſheep and bring them back;
Oh! bring the wand'ring home to day,
And ſave them for thy mercy's ſake.

Let ev'ry ſoul before thee here
Thro' thee the door now enter in,
Find paſture with our Saviour dear,
Sav'd from the guilt and pow'r of ſin.

Dear, tender-hearted ſhepherd, look,
And let our wants thy bowels move;
And kindly lead thy little flock
To the ſweet paſtures of thy love.

There ſweetly feed our hungry ſouls
On heav'nly bread, and near that ſtream
Where living water gently rolls
Towards the new *Jeruſalem*.

L. H.

HYMN 57. C. M.

ONCE more we come before our God
Once more his bleſſings aſk;
O may not duty ſeem a load!
Nor worſhip prove a taſk.

Father, thy quick'ning ſpirit ſend
From heav'n in Jeſu's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our ſouls in frame.

May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honeſt heart;
Hoard up the precious treaſure there,
And never with it part.

To ſeek thee all our hearts diſpoſe:
To each thy bleſſings ſuit:
And let the ſeed thy ſervant ſows,
Produce a copious fruit.

Bid the refreſhing north wind wake;
Say to the ſouth wind blow;
Let ev'ry plant thy pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

Revive the parch'd with heav'nly ſhow'rs;
The cold with warmth divine:
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

J. H.

HYMN 58. C. M.

FATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
The ſouls before thy throne;
Who now preſent their ſacrifice,
And ſeek thee in thy ſon.

Well pleas'd, in him, thyſelf declare,
Thy pardoning love reveal:
The peaceful anſwer of our prayer
To ev'ry conſcience ſeal.

On each ſome heav'nly gift beſtow,
Some bleſſing now impart;
The ſeed of life eternal ſow
In ev'ry waiting heart.

Thy loving, pow'rful ſpirit ſhed,
And ſpeak our ſins forgiv'n;
And haſte throughout the lump to ſpread
The ſanctifying leaven.

Refreſh us with a ceaſeleſs ſhow'r
Of graces from above:
Till all receive the heart-felt pow'r
Of everlaſting love.

O Father, glorify thy ſon,
And grant what we require;
For Jeſu's ſake the gift ſend down
And anſwer us by fire.

Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heav'n aſcend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which ſhall in glory end.

R. H.

HYMN 59. C. M.

O LORD, our languid ſouls inſpire,
For here, we truſt, thou art!
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

Dear ſhepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy preſence now diſplay;
As thou haſt given a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.

Shew us ſome token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raiſe;
And pour thy bleſſings from above,
That we may render praiſe.

n.

LIGHT AND GLORY OF THE GOSPEL,

AND ITS

DIVINE EFFECTS.

HYMN 60. L. M

LO! to the earth's remoteſt ends,
Jeſus his ſacred *goſpel* ſends:

Bids his embaſſadors declare
The joyful tidings far and near.

" Go to the gentiles and proclaim
Complete ſalvation in my name;
Enlight'ning their benighted eyes
That they may heav'nly bleſſings prize.

" The day of grace that joyful hour
Shall ſet them free from Satan's pow'r,
And from their luſts enſlaving chain,
To liberty and God again.

" My ſaints who in my name believe,
A full remiſſion ſhall receive;
Behold them from their guilt enlarg'd!
Behold the awful debt diſcharg'd!

" They ſhall with my redeem'd above
Poſſeſs the realms of joy and love;
By faith and faith alone in me,
Born heirs of immortality.

P.

HYMN 61. L. M.

OUR ſouls with joy and rev'rence hear
What Chriſt's embaſſadors declare:
Sweet are the tidings they proclaim,
Addreſs'd in the Redeemer's name.

"Oh! be ye reconcil'd to God;
Now *grace* and *mercy* ſhines abroad:
Shines forth in God's beloved ſon;
Who freely did our guilt atone."

No more we mourn in ſad despair;
See, Jeſus our tranſgreſſions bear!
See, juſtice fully ſatisfied!
When on his croſs the Saviour dy'd.

Hence thoſe who long in ſin had lain,
Now, moſt complete ſalvation gain,
And find acceptance at his throne,
Thro' Jeſu's righteouſneſs alone.

To him, ye ſaints, aſcribe the praiſe;
Who full redemption now diſplays.
Here ſov'reign grace and mercy ſhine,
To cheer our ſouls with joys divine.

P.

HYMN 62. L. M.

YE ſaints now lift your joyful eyes:
Behold a glorious proſpect riſe!
More glorious far than nature yields:
When verdure crowns the ſmiling fields.

The fields already white appear,
To shew the coming harvest near;
Which shall a scene so bright disclose;
Where pardon and salvation grows.

Souls throng the gospel to embrace,
And reap the fruits of joy and peace;
Here peace divine, and grace, and love,
Shed their blest influence from above.

The seeds of life immortal sown,
Are by these heav'nly blossoms known;
And saints by sweet experience, trace
The wonders of redeeming grace.

They in this *harvest* who partake,
Shall shortly one communion make;
And their glad songs triumphant raise,
In endless shouts of joy and praise.

P.

HYMN 63. L. M.

NOW shines the glorious gospel day
Which shall the Saviour's pow'r display;
The matchless wonders of his grace,
In souls redeem'd by him we trace.

He bids the dead in ſin revive,
The dead obey his voice and live;
Such vital power his word conveys
From guilt and unbelief to raiſe.

His ſaving pow'r with joy they own,
Triumphing in the Lord alone;
Who ſheds ſalvation from above
To ſhew the wonders of his love.

Rais'd from the depths of guilt and ſin,
New hopes, new fears, new joys begin;
And all from that bleſt goſpel riſe,
Which points to bliſs beyond the ſkies.

Haſte then, O haſte the glorious day,
And this delightful ſcene diſplay:
When Chriſt ſhall bid the dead revive,
And ſinners hear his voice and live.

P.

HYMN 64. L. M.

HARK the glad ſound of goſpel grace,
Proclaiming pardon, life and peace;
The trembling conſcience knows its voice,
And all its inward pow'rs rejoice.

If hidden from the ſinners eyes,
The goſpel of ſalvation lies;
Downward they ruſh to hell's dark coaſt,
In mis'ry and deſtruction loſt.

Satan in chains of darkneſs bends
Their captive ſin-enſlaved minds;
Leſt truth divine its cheering ray
To their benighted ſouls diſplay.

But God that bids the orient light
Shine from the gloomy ſhades of night;
Doth his almighty pow'r aſſume,
To pierce the mind's far deeper gloom.

Now they behold his richeſt grace,
And mercy ſhine in Jeſu's face;
Tranſported at the glorious ſight,
They triumph with ſupreme delight.

P.

HYMN 65. 2-10, 2-11.

THE goſpel reports a total reprieve,
From ſins of all ſorts for all who believe;
Their guilt and pollution the ſon doth remove,
They ſink in the ocean of infinite love.

Tho' thouſands receive abundance of grace,
If millions believe they all ſhall have place,
The fountain is open, free pardons deſcend;
All ages ſhall hope in his name to the end.

Come laden with ſin, apply unto God,
And plunge yourſelves in the ſea of his blood:
The publican, harlot, the drunkard and knave,
Whoſe ſins are as ſcarlet, forgiveneſs may have.

The vileſt of men he freely receives,
His blood makes them clean, their ſins he forgives:
Come then ye deriders of God and his word,
Return ye backſliders, return to the Lord.

Why are ye afraid, is not the Lord true?
The word hath he ſaid, and will he not do?
Be willing to venture your ſouls in his hand,
And you ſhall ſoon enter the heavenly land.

H.

HYMN 66. S. M.

HOW beautiful appear
Their feet on Zion's hill,
Who bring the goſpel tidings near,
And ſpeak the things they feel.

To them a charge is giv'n,
Commiſſion'd from above,
To publiſh peace 'twixt earth and heav'n,
And ſay that God is love.

On ev'ry hill and plain
The goſpel trumpet blow,
The love of God's reveal'd to man,
Theſe precious tidings ſhow.

The heralds cry aloud,
They make the vallies ring:
Among them is the ſhout of God,
The triumph of a King.

The ſpacious fields are white,
The harveſt now is come:
And preachers labour to invite
Poor wand'ring ſinners home.

Loſt creatures, hear the call,
Be willing to obey:
On Jeſu's tender arms now fall,
He'll take your guilt away.

You'll then have peace with God,
And be releas'd from ſin;
Jeſus ſhall waſh you in his blood,
And *glory* you ſhall win.

HYMN 67. C. M.

O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the goſpel found,
Suited to ev'ry ſinner's caſe
Who knows the joyful ſound.

Poor thirſty, fainting, hungry ſouls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, flows
Abundant, free, and clear.

'Tis Jeſu's word that proves it true,
The Saviour and the friend,
He's Alpha and Omega too,
Beginning and the end.

He calls and tells you there is room,
And you may yet partake:
Come thirſty ſouls, with pleaſure come,
And drink for Jeſu's ſake.

O come with all your wants and woes,
Your ev'ry burden bring;
Here mercy, ſov'reign mercy flows,
A deep celeſtial ſpring.

The ſtreams eternal life impart,
Eternal joys afford;
Come then with cheerful, thankful heart,
And love, and praiſe, the Lord.

Millions of ſinners juſt like you
Have here found life and peace:
Come thirſty ſouls and prove it true,
And drink, adore, and bleſs.

M.

HYMN 68. C. M.

O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell;
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm ſupports them well.

To them in each diſtreſſing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and pow'r,
He ſtands engag'd to hear.

He help'd his ſaints in ancient days,
Who truſted in his name;
And we can witneſs to his praiſe,
His love is ſtill the ſame.

Wand'ring in ſin our ſouls he found,
And bid us ſeek his face;
Gave us to hear the goſpel ſound,
And taſte the goſpel grace.

Oft in his houſe his glory ſhines,
Before our wond'ring eyes;
We wiſh not then for golden mines,
Or ought beneath the ſkies.

His preſence ſweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him diſpels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

Lord help us now moſt high to prize
Theſe tokens of thy love,
Till thou ſhalt bid our ſpirits riſe,
To worſhip thee above.

HYMN 69. C. M.

HAPPY are they to whom the Lord
His gracious name makes known!
And by his ſpirit and his word,
Adopts them for his own!

He calls them to his mercy-ſeat,
And hears their humble pray'r;
And when within his houſe they meet,
They find his preſence there.

Tho' men deſpiſe them, or revile,
They count the trial ſmall;
Whoever frowns if Jeſus ſmile,
It makes amends for all.

Tho' meanly clad and coarſely fed,
And, like their Saviour, poor;
They would not change their goſpel bread
For all the worldling's ſtore.

When cheer'd with faith's ſublimer joys,
They mount on Eagle's wings;
They can diſdain, as children's toys,
The pride, and pomp of kings.

Dear Lord, aſſiſt our ſouls to pay
The debt of praiſe we owe,
That we enjoy a goſpel day,
And heav'n begun below.

HYMN 70. P. M.

HARK! how the goſpel-trumpet ſounds,
Through all the earth it echoes round;
And Jeſus by redeeming blood,
Is bringing ſinners back to God,
And guides them ſafely by his word
To endleſs day.

Hail! all victorious, conquering Lord,
Be thou by all thy works ador'd:
Who undertook for ſinful man
And brought ſalvation thro' his name,
That we with thee may ever reign
In endleſs day.

Fight on, ye conquering ſouls, fight on,
And when the conqueſt you have won,
Then palms of vict'ry you ſhall bear,
And in his kingdom have a ſhare;
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endleſs day.

There ſhall we in ſweet chorus join,
And ſaints and angels all combine

To ſing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move,
And we ſhall be with them above,
In endleſs day.

HYMN 71. P. M.

O'ER thoſe gloomy hills of darkneſs
Look my ſoul, be ſtill and gaze;
All the promiſes do travel,
On a glorious day of grace:
Bleſſed Jubilee, &c.
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indians, let the Negroes,
Let the rude Barbarian ſee,
That divine and glorious conqueſt,
Once obtain'd on Calvary.
Let the goſpel, &c.
Word reſound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that ſit in darkneſs,
Let them have the glorious light;
And from eaſtern coaſt to weſtern,
May the morning chaſe the night:
And redemption, &c.
Freely purchas'd win the day.

May the glorious day approaching,
Thine eternal love proclaim,
Thro' the everlaſting goſpel,
Spread abroad thy holy name:
All the borders, &c.
On the great Immanuel's land.

Fly abroad thou mighty goſpel,
Go and conquer, never ceaſe;
May the laſting, wide dominions,
Multiply and ſtill increaſe:
May thy ſceptre, &c.
Sway th' enlightened world around.

HYMN 72. L. M.

GREAT ſun of righteouſneſs, ariſe,
Bleſs the dark world with heav'nly light:
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy nobleſt wonders here we view,
In ſouls renew'd, in ſins forgiven;
Forgive our ſins, our ſouls renew,
And make thy word our guide to heav'n.

R. H.

HYMN 73. L M.

BEHOLD, what ſweet reviving rays
The Sun of Righteouſneſs diſplays!
Before the goſpel's heav'nly light,
Faſt fly the gloomy ſhades of night.

He points the road to bliſs on high,
Immortal bliſs beyond the ſky;
Behold, the path, how plain, and clear!
Behold immortal glory near!

But, tho' the rays of truth divine
With a reſplendent luſtre ſhine,
From the bright scenes of heav'nly day,
Men turn with ſcorn their eyes away.

They not endure the glorious light,
Painful to their diſtemper'd ſight:
In love with ſin, in league with hell,
They in their native darkneſs dwell.

In this, their condemnation lies,
They dare God's richeſt grace deſpiſe:
The road to death the ſinners chuſe,
And that which leads to life refuſe.

But whoſo loves the truth divine,
Will ne'er its ſacred paths decline:
By the bleſt rules that Jeſus taught,
He tries each action, word, and thought.

And by that ſure unerring teſt
Are all his ways made manifeſt;
Joyful he walks the heavn'ly road
That leads to happineſs and God.

P.

HYMN 74. L. M.

O THAT thou would'ſt thine heavens rend,
And with thy mighty grace deſcend;
Proclaim thy name of great renown,
Subdue the world and wear the crown!

Ride in the chariot of thy word;
Ride on and proſper, gracious Lord:
From conquering and to conquer go,
And bring a world of rebels low.

Bid thy commiſſion'd ſaints proclaim
The glories of the Saviour's name;
Till worlds unborn ſhall learn to praiſe
The conqueſts of almighty grace.

From pole to pole let ſinners know
The wonders that thine arm can do,
Till all the kingdoms ſhall become
The kingdoms of the Lord alone.

R. H.

SALVATION
FREE, AND FINISHED.

HYMN 75. C. M.

SALVATION! may its tidings fly
To climes the moſt remote!
While his dear name's exalted high,
Who has ſalvation bought.

Salvation from the deep of hell;
From ſeas of quenchleſs fire;
To yon ſweet fields where angels dwell,
And ſtrike the golden lyre.

Salvation! how immenſe the coſt!
The reach of thought it flies:
A company of ſinners loſt
The Saviour dearly buys.

Salvation through our dying God,
Is finiſh'd and complete!
He paid whate'er the ſinner ow'd,
And cancell'd all the debt.

Salvation *finiſh'd*; charming ſound!
Let Shouts of triumph riſe:
Free grace doth more than ſin abound,
And we ſhall reach the ſkies!

Salvation! may it be my ſong,
While I this vale go through;
And hoſts above the theme prolong,
A theme for ever new.

Salvation! gracious Comforter,
Grant me to feel its power;
That I may triumph, void of fear,
In my departing hour.

Salvation then ſhall be my ſtay;
"A *ſinner ſav'd*" I'll cry:
And gladly quit this mortal clay
For better joys on high.

Salvation to ſweet harps of gold,
My raptur'd ſoul ſhall ſing;
And ſtrike, while endleſs ages roll,
The ever tuneful ſtring.

G. M.

HYMN 76. L. M.

LONG ere the ſun ſhot forth its beams,
Or moon devolv'd her ſilver ſtreams,
Salvation's ſcheme was fix'd; 'twas done
In covenant 'twixt the Three in One.

The Father ſpake, the Son reply'd,
The Spirit with them both comply'd:
Grace mov'd the cauſe for ſaving man,
And Wiſdom drew the noble plan.

The Father choſe his only ſon
"To die for ſins that man had done:"
Immanuel to the choice agreed—
'Tis thus were ſav'd in Chriſt our head.

Work in the council had no place,
'Twas all perform'd by ſov'reign grace;
Work was a ſtranger then at court,
'Twas grace alone ſalvation wrought.

Salvation's free, and grace was giv'n
In Chriſt our ſurety, now in Heav'n;
Who freely does the ſame impart,
And form anew the contrite heart.

He ſends his ſpirit from above,
To call the objects of his love:

Nor one muſt periſh or be loſt;
His blood has bought them, dear they coſt.

What high diſplays of ſov'reign grace!
What love, to ſave a ruin'd race!
My ſoul adore his lovely name,
By whom thy free ſavation came!

G. M. a.

HYMN 77. L. M.

O FOR a ſeraph's flaming tongue
To tell what Chriſt, my Lord, has done;
To ſhew the people all his worth,
And ſet his wond'rous kindneſs forth.

Could I but paint his beauteous name,
Or draw the outlines of his fame,
The world would ſure enamour'd be,
And all adore his Deity.

Impell'd by his redeeming love,
He left the bliſsful choirs above;
Elop'd from thoſe triumphant lays
Which conſtant echo forth his praiſe.

Down to this lower world he came
To bear the guilty ſinners ſhame,

And did ſuſtain that weight of woe
Which none but God could undergo.

Then, having wrought our righteouſneſs,
And purchas'd by his blood our peace,
Back to the heav'nly realms he fled,
His people's ever-living head.

And now he intercedes above,
And ſtill retains his tendereſt love:
He hears our groans, he notes our ſighs,
And all our needful wants ſupplies.

He ſoon will bid th' arch-angel come,
To blow his trump, and call us home;
His fav'rites then ſhall mount above,
And baſk for ever in his love.

For love like this, ye ſaints, ariſe
Superior to all earthly ties:
Proclaim the Saviour's praiſe abroad,
And magnify the triune God.

G. M.

HYMN 78. L. M.

YE ſaints with awe, yet with delight,
Come meditate this wond'rous ſight;
Behold by faith, your dying Lord,
And let his name be ſtill ador'd.

His unexampled pity view,
Who bled, and groan'd, and dy'd for you;
Behold with wonder and ſurprize,
The great atoning ſacrifice!

See mercy's inexhauſted tide,
Guſhing from Jeſu's wounded ſide;
To heirs of miſery and woe,
Here pardon and ſalvation flow.

High praiſes to the dying Lamb,
Who bore *our* ſin, and curſe, and ſhame;
And reconcil'd us to our God,
By offering up his vital blood.

P.

HYMN 79. 2-10, 2-11.

LO! Chriſt from the curſe Our ſouls doth redeem,
However averſe Proud reaſon may ſeem;
Faith yields approbation, And longs to poſſeſs
A lively ſenſation Of pardoning grace.

When Jeſus appears And utters his voice,
The ſinner who hears Begins to rejoice,
To all things aſſenting Which God doth reveal,
While Chriſt is preventing And turning his will.

He wonders to ſee God's juſtice and grace
So wiſely agree To ſave a loſt race:
In deep admiration He ſtands to behold
The way of ſalvation The ſcriptures unfold.

He feels himſelf weak, And leans on the Lord,
Nor ceaſes to ſeek Till he is reſtor'd;
With eagerneſs flying From God's fiery wrath,
And firmly relying On Jeſus by faith.

He ſees he is loſt, Condemn'd, and undone,
Yet ventures to truſt In Jeſus alone;
And while he is rolling His ſoul in his blood,
His tongue is extolling The mercy of God.

In Jeſus there is A fulneſs of grace,
Remiſſion and peace For Adam's loſt race:
An appropriation Of his death and wounds,
Secures a ſalvation That ever abounds

H.

HYMN 80. 2-10, 2-11.

YE heav'ns rejoice In Jeſus's grace,
Let earth make a noiſe And echo his praiſe:
The great congregation, Below and above,
Redeem'd by his paſſion, Shall ſing of his love.

Ye mountains and vales, In praiſes abound;
Ye hills and ye dales, Continue the ſound.
Break forth into ſinging, Ye trees of the wood,
For Jeſus is bringing Loſt ſinners to God.

Atonement he made For each of his own;
Their debt he hath paid, Their work he hath done:
With glad exultation His triumph proclaim,
Aſcribing ſalvation To God and the Lamb.

R. H.

HYMN 81. 2-10, 2-11.

YE ſouls that are weak, And helpleſs, and poor,
Who know not to ſpeak, Much leſs to do more:
Lo! here's a foundation For comfort and peace!
In Chriſt is ſalvation, The kingdom is his.

With power he rules And wonders performs;
Gives conduct to fools, And courage to worms;
Beſet by ſore evils Without and within,
By legions of devils, And mountains of ſin.

Then be not afraid, All power is giv'n
To Jeſus our head, In earth and in heav'n:
Thro' him we ſhall conquer The mightieſt foes;
Our captain is ſtronger Than all that oppoſe.

His pow'r from above He'll kindly impart,
So free is his love! So tender his heart!
Renew'd by his ſpirit, And waſh'd in his blood,
We ſweetly inherit The peace of our God.

Thy grace we adore, Director divine!
The kingdom, and pow'r, And glory are thine:
Preſerve us from running On rocks, or on ſhelves,
From foes ſtrong and cunning, But moſt from ourſelve

Reign o'er us as King; Accompliſh thy will;
And each of us bring To Zion's bleſt hill:
There falling before thee, And praiſing thy name,
We'll ever adore thee, For ever the ſame.

R. H.

HYMN 82. L. M

ADAM, our father and our head.
Tranſgreſs'd; and juſtice doom'd us dead;
The fiery law ſpeaks all deſpair,
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

But O! unutterable grace!
Th' eternal ſon takes Adam's place;
Down to the world the Saviour flies,
Suffers our curſe, and groans, and dies.

O the compaſſions of our God,
To pay our debts with heav'nly blood!
Our utmoſt penalties he bore,
Juſtice itſelf could aſk no more.

We bleſs the dear incarnate ſon,
And ſing the glories he hath won:
With loudeſt notes we join to tell
The wonders he perform'd ſo well.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy ſaved hoſts ador'd:
Take the reward of all thy pains,
And bind the monſter ſin in chains.

R. H.

HYMN 83. L. M.

THE faireſt of ten thouſand fairs,
Bends down his chariot from the ſkies;
Infinite grace his way prepares,
Infinite love adorns his eyes.

O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That thoſe ſweet lips, that heav'nly look,
Should ſeek and wiſh a mortal love.

When as a traitor, doom'd to fire,
I ſtood condemn'd to endleſs pains;
He flew on wings of ſtrong deſire,
Aſſum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

Did pity ever ſtoop ſo low,
Dreſs'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted ſo
In groans of an expiring God?

Now may my tongue in ceaſeleſs praiſe
Make known the wonders he hath done;
May all my heart admire his grace,
And all my life be his alone.

R. H.

HYMN 84. L. M.

JOIN, ye redeemed heirs of grace,
In a new ſong of lofty praiſe;
Jeſus is worthy to receive
The utmoſt glories ye can give.

Worthy, thou dear atoning Lamb,
From ev'ry kindred, tongue, and name,
Thou haſt redeem'd us by thy blood
And made us kings and prieſts to God.

Bleſs'd be thy name, for ever bleſs'd,
Of wiſdom, power, and ſtrength poſſeſs'd;
Honour, and might, and glory too,
We give thee, as thine endleſs due.

More than ten thouſand, thouſand tongues,
With thouſand thouſands join in ſongs,
With all their pow'rs their God to own,
And the dear Lamb that fills the throne.

Unnumber'd hoſts thy glories ſing,
They hail thee as their Lord and King;
Not one bright crown is worn above,
But what is own'd a gift of love.

Elders, and ſaints, and angels join,
In praiſe ſo wondrous and divine;
Their glories at thy footſtool lay,
And praiſe thee through an endleſs day.

R. H.

HYMN 85. C. M.

FATHER! how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known through the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſands thro' the ſkies.

Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r;
Their motions ſpeak thy will:
And on the wings of ev'ry hour,
We read thy patience ſtill.

But, when we view thy great deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion ſhine
In their divineſt forms.

Our thoughts are loſt in joyful awe;
We love and we adore:
The firſt arch-angel never ſaw
So much of God before.

Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature gueſs,
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Bright ſeraphs chant Immanuel's name,
And bring their choiceſt ſtrains.

O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong:
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

R. H.

HYMN 86. C. M.

WHAT now avails the blood of bulls,
Or goats, or calves, or kids?
The blood of Chriſt all theſe annuls,
And all ſuch things forbids.

In types and ſhadows, theſe might well
Some better thing convey:
But Chriſt alone can ſave from hell,
And all its pow'r deſtroy.

He was both prieſt and ſacrifice,
And offer'd up his blood:
This is the *gift*, that will ſuffice
To bring our ſouls to God.

'Twas rich, 'twas pure, and freely gave,
To ſave thy ſoul and mine:
Let Chriſt alone the honour have,
And grace his temples twine.

For by his blood all that believe
For ever free are ſet:
Long did our ſins his ſpirit grieve,
But Chriſt hath paid our debt.

THE COMFORT
OF THE
HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 87. C. M.

MY ſoul ariſe with joy and view
The mercies of the Lord;
And ſay, how large, how rich, and new,
The treaſures of his word.

Tell, if thou canſt, the unknown ſtore
Contain'd in ev'ry page;
Freely diſpens'd amongſt the poor,
Nor waſtes from age to age.

Is any ſick? A cordial here
For all his pains he'll find,
To diſſipate his ſlaviſh fear,
And chear his anxious mind.

Is any poor? Come and behold
A treaſure, rich, and free:
More excellent than pureſt gold,
More boundleſs than the ſea.

Struck by the thunders of the law,
Do any mourn their guilt?
Here Chriſt removes their gloomy awe
And ſhews the blood he ſpilt.

Here grace and love in Chriſt appears,
In moſt endearing forms:
Cleanſing the guilt of num'rous years,
And pard'ning worthleſs worms.

And here, O Lord, thy ſpirit ſhews
Free grace and love divine;
Applies the word, and then renews
Our hearts, and makes them thine.

All glory to the Eternal Three,
From all our hearts and tongues,
Who thus in ſacred unity
Join to invite our ſongs.

G. M.

HYMN 88. C. M.

JESU, thy word is my delight,
When thy rich grace is ſeen:

I read and ſtudy day and night,
And meditate therein.

The goſpel as a poliſh'd glaſs,
Thy glory lets us ſee;
We look therein and ſee thy face,
Till we are made like thee.

When into darkneſs I am brought,
Jeſu, when thou art gone,
Vain is thy word, it ſtrikes me not,
My heart is like a ſtone.

Alas! how blind, how deaf am I,
I cannot ſee, nor hear,
Give me, O Lord, the ſeeing eye,
Give me the hearing ear.

O Lamb of God, the book unſeal,
Inſpire the letter dead:
Let me the life and ſpirit feel,
And there my own name read.

Shew me that thou for me didſt die;
That thou for me didſt live;
Thy promiſes to me apply,
And grace and glory give.

H.

HYMN 89. S. M.

THIS book's the ſacred ſpring,
Whence all my comforts flow:
And when I find my ſoul in want,
To it I quickly go.

Oft does this glorious ſun
Emit a pleaſing ray,
Diſpels the darkneſs from my ſoul,
And turns my night to day.

It is my pow'rful ſhield,
It guards me when I fight;
Helps me to vanquiſh all my fears,
And puts them all to flight.

In it is balm divine,
Which ſoothes the raging ſmart
Of conſcience, when it groans with guilt,
And heals the broken heart.

This is the precious field
Where hidden treaſures lie,
Surpaſſing all the earth can yield,
Or glories of the ſky.

It's like a garden large,
Adorn'd with curious bow'rs,

Where grow the fineſt herbs and plants,
And all delightful flow'rs.

O may my bible be
My ſole conductor here,
Till I ſhall God in Glory ſee,
And praiſe him ever there.

G. M. a.

HYMN 90. C. M.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to ſight;
Precepts and promiſes afford
A ſanctifying light.

A glory gilds the ſacred page,
Majeſtic like the ſun;
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it ſtill ſupplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truth upon the nations riſe,
They riſe, but never ſet.

Let everlaſting thanks be thine,
For ſuch a bright diſplay,

As makes a world of darkneſs ſhine,
With beams of heav'nly day.

My ſoul rejoices to purſue
The ſteps of him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 91. P. M.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treaſure
Does the word of God afford?
All I want for life or pleaſure,
Food and *med'cine*, *ſhield* and *ſword*.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

Food to which the world's a ſtranger,
Here my hungry ſoul enjoys;
Of exceſs there is no danger,
Tho' it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Chriſt I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

When my faith is faint and ſickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,

Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing *med'cines* here I find:
To the promiſes I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of conſolation
Is to me a mighty ſhield:
While the ſcripture truths are ſure,
From his malice I'm ſecure.

Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the ſpirit's ſword;
Then with eaſe I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a *ſword* for conqueſt made,
Keen the edge and ſtrong the blade.

Shall I envy then the miſer,
Doating on his golden ſtore?
Sure I am, or ſhould be wiſer,
I am rich, 'tis he is poor:
Jeſus gives me in his word,
Food and *med'cine*, *ſhield* and *ſword*.

HYMN 92. 4-8, 2-6.

HOW ſweet, dear Lord, thy ſacred word!
What light and joy thoſe leaves afford
To ſouls by ſin oppreſt!
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids our feet to ſtray,
Thy promiſe leads to reſt.

Thy law awakes our ſleeping eyes,
And warns us where the danger lies:
But 'tis thy goſpel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conſcience clear,
Converts the ſoul, and conquers ſin,
And gives a free reward.

B. H.

CONSTRAINING LOVE.

HYMN 93. 2-10, 2-11.

THE voice of my Lord Awakens my ear;
I welcome his word And gladly I hear:
The kind ſalutation Of mercy divine;
He tells me ſalvation And glory is mine.

He calls me his own, And bids me ariſe,
On earth to look down And ſeek my own ſkies:
His arm ſhall ſupport me As upward I climb;
And no one ſhall hurt me, Defended by him.

The tempeſt is o'er, The winter is fled;
My ranſomer bore The ſtorm in my ſtead:
The ſunſhine of heav'n My ſoul doth enjoy;
I find in believing Unſpeakable joy.

The beams he imparts Shall make us to grow,
And deſart-like hearts Shall pleaſantly blow:
He plants in my boſom His graces moſt fair,
No flowers that bloſſom with theſe can compare.

One look of my Lord Turns winter to ſpring;
My ſoul, like a bird, Would fly up and ſing:
My heart is on fire With Jeſus's love;
I'll raiſe my voice higher When I get above.

I long for the day When Chriſt I ſhall hear
Bid me come away And dwell with him there;
No clouds interpoſing Shall hide him again;
But Chriſt with his choſen For ever ſhall reign.

G. M.

HYMN 94. L. M.

THE voice of my beloved ſounds
O'er rocks of woe, and ſin's high bounds;

O'er hills of guilt, and ſeas of grief
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

Lo! through the veil of fleſh I ſee
With eyes of love he looks on me;
Now in the goſpel's cleareſt glaſs,
He ſhews the beauties of his face.

Gently he draws my heart along,
With love triumphant on his tongue:
" Riſe, riſe," he ſaith, " make haſte, away,
" No mortal joys are worth thy ſtay.

" Thy wintry ſtate of ſin is paſt,
" Come my belov'd my mercies taſte:
" The ſacred dove of peace appears,
" Leave all thy overflowing fears.

" The immortal vine of heav'nly root
" Bloſſoms, and buds, and gives her fruit:
" Riſe my beloved; taſte the wine,
" Drink, and rejoice, and bleſs the vine.

Riſing—again I heard him ſay,
" Make haſte, my love, make haſte away:
" Leave all thy earthly cares behind,
" And let thy pace outſtrip the wind.

Draw me, dear Lord, my heart replies;
My ſoul to thee for pardon flies:
Let me with joy behold thy face
And live, and die, in thine embrace.

W. a.

HYMN 95. L. M.

IF I from others differ aught,
Lord 'twas thy grace the diff'rence wrought;
If I one holy wiſh have known,
That wiſh was given by thee alone.

To taſte thy love is ſweeter far,
Than all earth's dainties, choice and rare:
'Tis heav'n to ſee thy ſmiling face,
Ten heav'ns to feel thy ſpirit's rays.

I cannot pay the thanks I owe,
For taſting once thy love below:
Yet cannot reſt till I above,
Shall feaſt for ever on thy love.

The ſmalleſt drop of precious grace
Demands a ceaſeleſs ſong of praiſe:
Yet largeſt draughts from mercy's ſtore,
But make me long and pant for more.

For teaching this thy name I bleſs,
That holineſs is happineſs:
Quite happy I ſhall never be
Till I am quite conform'd to thee.

O ſtrengthen me thy will to do,
And what thou wilt to ſuffer too:
Imperfect here, I long to ſoar
Where I ſhall diſobey no more.

Lord! be thy pleaſure always mine!
I wiſh to have no will but thine:
This, this is heav'n enough for me,
Quite to be ſwallow'd up in thee.

G. M.

HYMN 96. 4-8, 2-6.

LORD thou haſt won, at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,
Surrenders all to thee.
Againſt thy terrors long I ſtrove,
But who can ſtand againſt thy love?
Love conquers even me!

All that a wretch could do I try'd,
Thy patience ſcorn'd, thy pow'r defy'd,
And trampled on thy laws:

Scarcely the martyrs at the ſtake
Could ſtand more ſtedfaſt for thy ſake,
Than I in Satan's cauſe.

But ſince thou haſt thy love reveal'd,
And ſhewn my ſoul a pardon ſeal'd,
I can reſiſt no more:
Couldſt thou for ſuch a ſinner bleed.
Couldſt thou for ſuch a rebel plead?
I wonder and adore.

If thou hadſt bid thy thunders roll,
And light'nings flaſh to blaſt my ſoul,
I ſtill had ſtubborn been:
But mercy has my heart ſubdu'd,
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my ſin.

Now Lord I would be thine alone,
Come take poſſeſſion of thine own,
For thou haſt ſet me free:
Releas'd from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers waiting ſtand,
To be employ'd by thee.

My will, conform'd to thine, I'll move;
On thee, my hope, deſire, and love,
In fix'd attention join.

My hands and eyes, my ears and tongue
Have Satan's ſervants been too long,
But now they ſhall be thine.

G. M.

HYMN 97. L. M.

DID ever one of Adam's race
Coſt thee, my Lord, more toil and grace
Than I have done, before my ſoul
Could yield to thy divine controul?

How great the pow'r, how vaſt the ſway,
That firſt conſtrain'd me to obey!
How large the grace thou didſt impart,
That conquer'd ſin, and won my heart.

Vile was my heart, deep plung'd in ſin;
A diſmal den of thieves within,
Where ev'ry luſt preſum'd to dwell,
The hateful progeny of hell.

A deep apoſtate from my God,
I trampled on the Saviour's blood;
I ſcorn'd his mercy, mock'd his pain,
And crucify'd my Lord again.

But lo! the chief of ſinners now
Is brought before thy throne to bow;
Surely this mighty pow'r from thee
Can conquer all that conquers me.

Hail, deareſt Lord, my choiceſt love,
By pity drawn from realms above,
I wonder at that grace of thine,
That won a heart ſo vile as mine.

R. H.

HYMN 98. L. M.

OF all the joys we mortals know
Jeſus thy love exceeds the reſt;
Love, the beſt bleſſing here below,
And neareſt image of the bleſt.

Sweet are my thoughts, and ſoft my cares,
When the celeſtial flame I feel;
In all my hopes, and all my fears,
There's ſomething kind and pleaſing ſtill.

While I am held in his embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to move;
Each ſmile he wears upon his face,
Fixes, and fires, and charms my love.

He ſpeaks, and ſtraight immortal joys
Run through my ears, and reach my heart;
How ſweet is his dear pardoning voice!
What peaceful joy his words impart!

If he withdraws a moment's ſpace,
He leaves a ſacred pledge behind:
Here in my breaſt his image ſtays,
The conſtant comfort of my mind.

Jeſus, my God, yet rather come,
And let me ſee thy lovely face;
Make thou my heart thy conſtant home,
The temple of the Prince of Peace.

R. H.

THE

STABILITY OF THE COVENANT.

HYMN 99. C. M.

MY God the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever ſure;
And in its matchleſs grace I feel
My happineſs ſecure.

What tho' my mortal comforts fade,
And drop like with'ring flow'rs;
Nor time, nor death, can break the bond
That makes Jehovah ours.

What tho' my houſe be not with thee,
As nature could deſire;
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy ſervant ſhall aſpire.

Since thou the everlaſting God
My father art become;
Jeſus my guardian and my friend,
And heav'n my final home:

My cares I to the winds reſign,
And ſhake them off like duſt:
Well may I leave my *all* with him,
With whom my *ſoul* I truſt.

I welcome all thy ſov'reign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou doſt
I wait the light above.

Thy cov'nant in the darkeſt gloom
Shall heav'nly rays impart;
Which when my eyelids cloſe in death
Shall warm my chilling heart.

G. M.

HYMN 100. 2-10, 2-11.

IF Jeſus is ours, We have a true friend;
His goodneſs endures The same to the end.
Our comforts may vary, Or frames may decline;
We cannot miscarry, Our aid is divine.

Can women forget Their ſucklings at home,
And cruelly treat The fruit of their womb?
Yet God hath engraven Our names on his hand,
Our building in heaven For ever shall stand.

A moment he hid The light of his face;
Yet firmly decreed, To ſave us by grace,
And tho' he reprov'd us, And still should reprove,
Yet ever he lov'd us, And ever will love.

When men can reveal The height of the skies,
And certainly tell Where earth's centre lies;
Then Iſrael's defection, And treacherous ways,
Shall cause their rejection From glory and grace.

Tho' God may delay To ſhew us his light,
And heavineſs may Endure for a night;
Yet joy in the morning Shall ſurely abound;
No shadow of turning In Jeſus is found.

Then tune ev'ry string To Jeſus's name;
With angels we ſing The ſong of the Lamb,
Thee ev'ry believer Shall joyfully praiſe,
Thou bountiful giver, Of glory and grace.

H.

HYMN 101. L. M.

THRICE happy they whoſe ſouls are built
On that foundation which is sure;
They are diſcharg'd from all their guilt,
And stand eternally secure.

Diſtracting fears from them are fled,
And grace inſpires a heav'nly ray;
Benignant ſmiles around their head,
Shine from the ſource of endleſs day.

Corruption reigns in them no more;
They have no place, nor love for ſin;
Abſolv'd its guilt, ſubdu'd its pow'r,
And Jeſus' kingdom is within.

How do they feel ſeraphic love
Exciting in them heav'nly fires!
To God their flaming ſpirits move,
In never ceaſing ſtrong deſires.

The world in vain diſplays its charms,
And ſpreads its vanities abroad;
Their ſouls are ſafe in Jeſus' arms,
They live, they move, they breathe in God.

Satan may all his hoſts unite,
And ſtrive to vex their peaceful ſtate;
Not men, nor friends, nor depth, nor height,
Shall them from Jeſus ſeparate.

The rocks and mountains may decay,
The everlaſting hills remove;
Yea, heav'n and earth may paſs away,
Yet God can never change his love.

II.

HYMN 102. C. M.

BEFORE the earth or worlds were made,
Our Father's heart did move;
His mercy no beginning had;
He is eternal love.

The elements with heat may melt,
The ſun be turn'd to night,
The moon in ſable robes be veil'd,
And ſtars withdraw their light.

All nature may be out of courſe,
Or into nothing fall;
The love of God is ſtill in force,
His love is all in all.

Tho' we believe not, he is true;
The work is in his hand,
His gracious council he will do;
His faithful word ſhall ſtand.

If once the blood of Chriſt we feel
Upon our hearts impreſt,
The mark of that celeſtial ſeal
Can never be eras'd.

The Lord will ſcourge us if we ſtray,
His mercies never ceaſe,
The Lord will never take away
His covenant of peace.

The peace which Jeſu's blood procures
And fixes in the heart,
To all eternity endures,
And never ſhall depart.

H.

HYMN 103. L. M.

REJOICE, ye ſaints, in ev'ry ſtate,
Divine decrees remain unmov'd:

No turns of providence abate
God's care for thoſe he once hath lov'd.

Firmer than heav'n his cov'nant ſtands;
Tho' earth ſhould ſhake and ſkies depart,
You're ſafe in your redeemer's hands,
Who bears your names upon his heart.

Our ſurety knows for whom he ſtood,
And gave himſelf a ſacrifice;
The ſouls once ſprinkled with his blood,
Poſſeſs a life that never dies.

L. H.

LONGING FOR GLORY.

HYMN 104. P. M.

LORD, I long for brighter heaven;
Fain I'd leave thy mercies here:
Leave the grace already given,
Fuller glory yet to ſhare!
O my Jeſus! O my Jeſus!
Take my longing ſpirit there.

Sweet howe'er thy grace on earth is,
Short of all 'twill not ſuffice:
Lord, my ſoul of heav'nly birth is,
And muſt ſee her native ſkies:
None but Jeſus, &c.
Can my heav'n-born ſoul ſuffice.

Thee, my Lord, and King, intreating,
Ever while on earth I roam;
This my ceaſeleſs cry repeating,
Fetch thy wand'ring exile home:
Come, Lord Jeſus, &c.
Come, Lord Jeſus, quickly come.

L.

HYMN 105. L. M. D.

I LONG, my Redeemer to ſee,
My Jeſus above to behold;
The Saviour who ſuffer'd for me,
Surrounded by harpers on gold:
My maſter in glory to meet,
To gaze on his heav'nly face;
With rapture to fall at his feet,
And ſhare in the triumphs of grace.

Ah, why does thy chariot delay
To waft me, where ſin is no more?
Come, Lord, and in mercy convey
My ſoul to that heav'nly ſhore!
Where holy, and perfect, and pure,
My glorify'd ſpirit ſhall ſing;
My body for ever endure,
And ſhout to my crucify'd King.

To think on this day of thy love,
Which all my diſtreſſes ſhall crown,
My ſorrows for ever remove,
And death in its victory drown;
It makes me reſign'd to my grief,
While yet a few moments I know,
O'er Jordan my ſpirit's relief,
To Jeſus's boſom I go.

L.

HYMN 106. L. M.

WHEN I behold the heav'nly ſtate,
The reſt that doth the ſaints await,
How full of comfort is my ſoul!
What ſtreams of bliſs around me roll!

Above the world, by faith I riſe,
And taſte the joys above the ſkies;
With angels feaſt, with angels join,
In hymns immortal and divine.

On wings of love ſtill upwards borne,
I look on all below with ſcorn;
The pains and pleaſures of this life
Afford me neither joy nor grief.

While I enjoy this bliſsful ſight,
My ſoul o'erflows with ſweet delight;
I long to reach th' eternal ſhore,
And ſee this evil world no more.

What are theſe antipaſts below
To thoſe which we in heav'n ſhall know?
A drop of water to the ſea;
A moment to eternity.

Oh for the beatific day,
When we ſhall wing our ſouls away;
Then pain and ſin ſhall ever ceaſe,
And joys eternally increaſe.

Sinners, who live in wine and luſt
And with the ſerpent feed on duſt;
Come taſte our pleaſures that excel,
Draw water from ſalvation's well.

And you, ye ſaints, that know the Lord,
The bleſſings of his grace record:
And when from hence to heav'n you ſoar,
You'll triumph then for evercome.

H.

HYMN 107. S. M.

MY God to thee I look
For happineſs alone;
No earthly joys my mind ſhall ſeek,
No joys beneath thy throne,

Upward my ſoul aſpires,
At thy tranſporting name;
My God! the ſacred ſound inſpires
A ſweet celeſtial flame.

To vanities below
I long to bid farewell;
To ſit where endleſs pleaſures flow,
With God himſelf to dwell.

Thou ſource of unknown joys!
Thou fountain of delight!
All things to thee are empty toys,
That fade upon the ſrght.

Grant me this ſole requeſt,
A portion of thy love;
This ſweet repaſt of all the bleſt,
That angels taſte above.

Nought elſe will I purſue,
To this my ſoul aſpires;

There's nothing elſe can bound its view,
Or fill its vaſt deſires.

O haſten, Lord, the day,
When I ſhall mount on high;
When grief and ſin ſhall flee away,
And pleaſures never die.

P.

HYMN 108. L. M.

LORD, haſte that dear, that awful day,
When my poor ſoul ſhall leave her clay,
Mount up, and take her laſt remove,
And join the church of Chriſt above.

Vain world! what are thy toys to me?
My Jeſus now I want to ſee;
My friends I'd leave, my life, my all,
And thus addreſs this earthly ball:

"Farewell, no more I tread your ground,
"No more I need the goſpel ſound;
"My feet have reach'd the heav'nly ſhore,
"I know no imperfection more:

"Through tribulation ſharp and long
"I'm brought to join the ſinleſs throng;

" Glory to God for every woe,
" For every pain I felt below."

Theſe pleaſing thoughts poſſeſs my ſoul,
And oft the ills of life controul:
O come my Jeſus, quickly come,
And take my ſoul to its bleſt home.

And let me join thoſe anthems ſweet,
Which ſpirits bleſt do oft repeat;
" Worthy the Lamb, who once was ſlain,
" On God's eternal throne to reign."

S. H. a.

HYMN 109. L. M.

NOW let our ſongs to Jeſus riſe,
Who dwells enthron'd above the ſkies
There he prepares his ſaints a place,
There ſhall they ſee his glorious face.

This hope now lifts our thoughts above
To the bright courts of joy and love;
By faith directed to aſpire
Beyond each earthly, low deſire.

No fix'd abode we claim on earth,
But faith aſſerts her heav'nly birth;
See the bright realms of endleſs day
Now welcome us from earth away.

Nor time nor ſenſe can e'er confine
Our ſouls from *proſpects* ſo divine;
On wings of faith our ſpirits riſe,
To the bright manſions in the ſkies.

We wait for the ſublime reward
Promis'd by our aſcended Lord;
Where ſins and ſorrows ever ceaſe,
Where reign immortal joy and peace.

P.

HYMN 110. L. M.

AS when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of ſome o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if croſs the plains
He eyes his home, tho' diſtant ſtill.

While he ſurveys the much lov'd ſpot,
He ſlights the ſpace that lies between;
His paſt fatigues are now forgot,
Becauſe his journey's end is ſeen.

Thus, when the Chriſtian pilgrim views
By faith his manſion in the ſkies;
The ſight his fainting ſtrength renews,
And wings his ſpeed to reach the prize.

The thoughts of home his ſpirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles paſt;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may ſafe arrive at laſt.

'Tis there, he ſays, I am to dwell
With Jeſus in the realms of day;
Then ſhall I bid my cares farewell,
And he ſhall wipe my tears away.

Jeſus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode:
Aſſured our hope will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

N.

FAITH AT ANCHOR.

HYMN 111. 6-8's.

NOW I have found the bleſſed ground
Where my ſoul's anchor may remain;
The Lamb of God who for my ſin
Was from the world's foundation ſlain;
Whoſe mercy ſhall unſhaken ſtay,
When heav'n and earth are fled away.

O love, thou bottomleſs abyſs!
My ſins are ſwallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteouſneſs,
From condemnation now I'm free;
While Jeſus' blood, through earth and ſkies,
Mercy! free boundleſs mercy! cries.

With faith I plunge me in this ſea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my reſt!
Hither, when hell aſſails, I flee,
And look unto my ſaviour's breaſt:
Away ſad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is only written there!

Though waves and ſtorms go o'er my head,
Though ſtrength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Though ev'ry comfort be withdrawn;
Stedfaſt on this my ſoul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and fleſh decay;
This *anchor* ſhall my ſoul ſuſtain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full pow'r I then ſhall prove,
Lov'd with an everlaſting love!

L. H.

HYMN 112. C. M.

THE world can neither give nor take
Nor can they comprehend
That peace of God which Chriſt hath bought
That peace which knows no end.

The burning buſh was not conſum'd
Whilſt God remained there;
The three, when Jeſus made the fourth,
Found fire as ſoft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion ſtand,
But Zion's God ſits by,
As the refiner views his gold,
With an obſervant eye.

His thoughts are high, his love is wiſe,
His wounds a cure intend;
And tho' he doth not always ſmile,
He loves unto the end.

His love is conſtant as the ſun,
Tho' clouds come oft between;
And could my faith but pierce theſe clouds,
It might be always ſeen.

Yet I ſhall ever ever ſing,
And Thou for ever ſhine;
I have thine own dear pledge for this,
Lord, thou art ever mine.

L. H.

HYMN 113. C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail
And let it faint or die;
My ſoul ſhall quit the mounful vale,
And ſoar to worlds on high.

Shall join the diſembody'd ſaints,
And find its long-ſought reſt;
(That only reſt for which it pants)
On the Redeemer's breaſt.

In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the croſs ſuſtain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And ſmile at toil and pain.

O what hath Jeſus bought for me!
Before my raviſh'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I ſee,
And trees of Paradiſe.

I ſee a world of ſpirits bright,
Who taſte the pleaſures there;
They all are rob'd in radiant white,
And conquering palms they bare.

Lord, what are all my ſuff'rings here,
If thou but make me meet,
With that enraptur'd hoſt t' appear,
And worſhip at thy feet!

Give joy or grief, give eaſe or pain,
Take life and friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day!

L. H.

HYMN 114. C. M.

JESUS, thou art my righteouſneſs,
For all my ſins were thine;
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine.

Spotleſs and juſt, in thee I am
Eternally forgiv'n;
I taſte ſalvation in thy name,
And antedate my heaven.

For ever here my reſt ſhall be,
Cloſe to thy bleeding ſide;
'Tis all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour dy'd.

My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and ſin;
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanſe, and keep me clean.

Waſh me, and ſeal me thus thine own;
Waſh me, and mine thou art;
Waſh me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

Thy dear atoning blood apply,
Till faith to ſight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my ſoul is love.

R. H.

HYMN 115. 4-7, 4-8.

SING ye ſaints by grace defended,
Walking in ſweet liberty,
Since the Saviour us befriended
By his dying on the tree!

Such as find him find a ſweetneſs,
Deep, myſterious, and unknown;
Which at once creates a meetneſs
To enjoy a heav'nly throne.

Satan now may come and try us,
Chriſt will diſappoint his aim;
Tho' his fiery darts paſs by us,
We ſhall ne'er be put to ſhame.

While in thee we find ſalvation,
Let who will our ſouls condemn,
There remains no condemnation
For the ſouls thou didſt redeem.

Tho' by man we are rejected,
Tho' the world ſhould us deſpiſe;
While alone by the reſpected,
We can wipe our weeping eyes.

Tho' our conſciences accuſe us
Of our ſins and follies paſt;
Thou wilt never, Lord, refuſe us,
But wilt love us to the laſt.

Tho' no ſingle ſoul approves us,
Still our hopes are none the leſs;
While the loving Saviour loves us,
Fills us with ſweet joy and peace.

Lord, accompliſh all our wiſhes,
With full glory on us ſhine;
Kiſs our hearts with holy kiſſes,
Better is thy love than wine.

HYMN 116. C. M.

N. B. The laſt Hymn imitated in a different metre.

HOW well befriended is my ſoul,
How ſafe in Jeſu's love;
How ſweetly did that current roll,
Which did my fears remove.

Satan now may ſift and try me,
I thus his rage repel:
"Chriſt my Lord, doth juſtify me,
"I ſhall be ſav'd from hell."

Saints or ſinners may condemn me,
This can ne'er ſhake my faith:
Fears of death can't overwhelm me,
For death hath conquer'd death.

Tho' my conſcience ſhould accuſe me,
And ſin erect its head,
Jeſus will not now refuſe me,
Since he for ſin has bled.

He ſhall ſlay its reigning power,
And reſtore my ruin'd frame;
To fall I'm prone—yea ev'ry hour,
But Jeſus is the ſame.

Precious faith in that dear fountain
From all things juſtifies:
Precious faith removes each mountain,
And on his blood relies.

Jeſus Chriſt is their ſalvation
Who look to him alone:
There's for them no condemnation,
Whoſe ſins he did atone.

Though tribulation, ſhame, diſtreſs,
Their portion is below;
Poverty, pain, and nakedneſs,
All theſe they undergo.

Yet height, nor depth, nor breadth, nor length,
Shall e'er remove his love;
Thus God declares; and God hath ſtrength
To crown his wond'rous love.

H. a.

HYMN 117. L. M.

JESUS my Saviour I avow,
And in his croſs I glory now:

In nothing will I truſt beſide,
But in his name alone confide.

Thy blood, O Lord, was ſhed for me,
My ev'ry ſin was charg'd on thee:
And all my guilt's enormous ſcore
Was cancell'd in thy dying hour.

My God will guide me with his hand,
And guard me through this barren land,
Till I unto mount Zion come,
Where I ſhall go no more from home.

Thrice happy day that knows no night!
God and the Lamb will be my light:
There I ſhall ſee my ſaviour's face,
And ſing to golden harps his praiſe.

G. M.

HYMN 118. L. M.

IN Jeſus who was crucified
Alone we glory and confide;
Let ev'ry tongue with joy confeſs,
The Lord our ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

For us redemption to obtain,
The ſpotleſs Lamb of God was ſlain;

Saints triumph in his glorious name,
Who by his death our foes o'ercame.

To baniſh all our griefs and fears,
For us the great High Prieſt appears;
Jeſus that ſuffer'd in our ſtead,
For ever lives our cauſe to plead.

Behold! enthron'd at God's right hand
Our powerful Interceſſor ſtand!
The Father's reconciled face
Our joyful ſouls with rapture trace.

Whoe'er ſhall God's elect condemn?
Since Chriſt that dy'd now lives for them;
Nor earth, nor hell can e'er remove
His ſaints, his fav'rites from his love.

P.

HYMN 119. L. M.

THO' not beheld by mortal ſight,
In Jeſus ſtill his ſaints rejoice;
Bleſt ſource of their ſupreme delight!
Fountain of their immortal joys!

While in his glorious name we truſt,
Complete ſalvation we obtain;

His name we make our only boaſt,
Who on the croſs for us was ſlain.

The end of all our faith and hope,
Life everlaſting we receive;
His blood hath theſe rich bleſſings bought,
His hands theſe bleſſings freely give.

Our ſouls their grateful tribute pay,
Triumphing in the Lord alone;
To him we glad hoſanna's raiſe,
And ſend them to his heav'nly throne.

P.

HYMN 120. C. M.

WHAT joy, what holy confidence,
Springs from the Saviour's name;
His ſaints with hope ſublime inſpir'd,
Their faith in him proclaim.

"I know in whom I now believe,
"Jeſus my heav'nly friend;
"His arm from danger can relieve,
"His grace my ſoul defend.

"Of his almighty power to ſave,
"No fears ſhall now remain;

" Since to redeem me from the grave,
" He dy'd and roſe again.

" Protected by his guardian hand,
" Amidſt ſurrounding foes,
" My ſoul ſhall ſtill in ſafety ſtand,
" Tho' hoſts of hell oppoſe.

Ev'n to the laſt deciſive day,
His ſaints his care may boaſt;
And his ſalvation they enjoy
In whom is all their truſt.

Chriſt then will all his foll'wers own
Before his father's face,
And they on his celeſtial throne,
With him ſhall ſhare a place.

P.

HYMN 121. L. M.

JESUS, my rock, which cannot move,
Has fix'd on me his ſov'reign love:
My name is graven on his heart,
And neither life nor death can part.

When Satan charges me with ſin,
I look to Jeſus, and am clean:
I plead his precious blood alone
Which doth for all my ſins atone.

When riſing ſtorms upon me beat,
His faithfulneſs is my retreat:
To Chriſt my rock I haſte away,
Whoſe word the winds and waves obey.

When harraſs'd by the foe without,
Or weak in faith and full of doubt;
I haſte me to my rock for aid,
His anſwer is, "Be not afraid."

If darkneſs ſpread on ev'ry ſide,
If law, and ſin, and conſcience chide;
If heart and ſoul within me fail,
Yet Jeſu's love doth ſtill prevail.

His own I am, his blood-bought ſon;
Of his redeem'd he'll not loſe one:
His love is fix'd, nor can remove;
Whom once he loves, he'll ever love.

G. M.

VIEWS OF GLORY.

HYMN 122. L. M.

COME bleſſed Jeſus, quickly come
And mark the bright celeſtial way;

Within my breaſt erect thy throne,
Nor let me faint thro' long delay.

I'm weary of theſe earthly toys,
The world and all its flatt'ring charms;
My heart pants after purer joys,
And Chriſt alone my boſom warms.

With coldneſs and contempt I view
Theſe vain, theſe tranſitory ſcenes;
Since Chriſt hath form'd my ſoul anew,
And wak'd me from Ægyptian dreams.

Methinks a ray of heav'nly light
Already darts upon my ſoul;
Methinks the promis'd land's in ſight,
My heart's the needle, Chriſt the pole.

My heart, my treaſure, and my reſt,
My all-ſufficiency's above,
The kingdoms of the world poſſeſs'd,
Are vain, without my ſaviour's love.

G. M.

HYMN 123. C. M.

RAISE my affections, God of light,
To Salem's courts above;

Where Jesus ſhines in ſplendor bright,
And ev'ry beam is love.

The ransom'd nations caſt their crowns,
And worſhip at his feet:
Then ſtrike their flaming harps at once,
And his high praiſe repeat.

They ſing of grace, and dying love,
And faithfulness divine:
Say, gracious Spirit, from above,
Shall their employ be *mine?*

Yes, deareſt Lord! tho' weak I am,
While in this vale of tears;
I too ſhall ſee the glorious Lamb,
With joy ſublime as theirs.

Though journeying through this land of night,
Where ſin impedes my way;
I ſhall in glory ſhine as bright,
And ſing as ſweet as they.

I want a tongue while here on earth
To ſpeak my Saviour's praiſe;
And ſhew his glorious beauty forth,
And celebrate his grace.

But, when I ſee him on his throne,
And with his choir attend;
I'll ſing the wonders he hath done
In lays that never end.

G. M.

HYMN 124. C. M.

THE hour's arriv'd, the happy day,
I'm now about to prove,
When I muſt quit this houſe of clay,
And ſoar to worlds above;

There free from ev'ry earthly pain,
And free from ſin and ſtrife,
There ſhall I ſee my Saviour reign,
And taſte eternal life.

Then ſhall I feel ſeraphic joy,
And join the hoſts above,
In pleaſure which can never cloy,
And ſing redeeming love.

HYMN 125. C. M.

I WAS a grov'ling creature once,
And baſely cleav'd to earth;
I wanted ſpirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

But God has breath'd upon a worm,
And ſent me from above,
Wings, ſuch as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.

With theſe to Piſgah's top I fly,
And there delighted ſtand,
To view beneath a ſhining ſky,
The ſpacious promis'd land.

The Lord of all the vaſt domain
Has promis'd it to me;
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can ſee.

How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call;
I ſtand upon a mountain's edge,
O ſave me, leaſt I fall.

In thee I am exalted, Lord,
And in thy ſtrength I ſtand;
My ſoul relies upon thy word,
Till I *poſſeſs* the land.

N. a.

HYMN 126. C. M.

MY ſoul, this curious houſe of clay,
Thy preſent frail abode,
Muſt quickly fall to worms a prey,
And thou return to God.

Canſt thou, by faith, ſurvey with joy
The change before it come?
And ſay, "Let death this houſe deſtroy,
"I have a heav'nly home!"

The Saviour whom I then ſhall ſee
With new admiring eyes,
Already has prepar'd for me,
A manſion in the ſkies.

I feel this mud-wall cottage ſhake,
And long to ſee it fall;
That I my willing flight may take
To him who is my all.

Burden'd and groaning then no more,
My reſcu'd ſoul ſhall ſing,
As up the ſhining path I ſoar,
"Death, thou haſt loſt thy ſting."

Dear Saviour help us now to ſeek,
And know thy grace's pow'r;
That we may all this language ſpeak
Before the dying hour.

N.

HYMN 127. C. M.

COURAGE my ſoul! behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides;

With theſe to Piſgah's top I fly,
And there delighted ſtand,
To view beneath a ſhining ſky,
The ſpacious promis'd land.

The Lord of all the vaſt domain
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HYMN 127. C. M.

COURAGE my ſoul! behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides;

Eternal life beyond the ſkies
For all whom here he guides.

The wicked ceaſe from troubling there,
The weary are at reſt;
Sorrow, and ſin, and pain, and care,
No more approach the bleſt.

A wicked world, and wicked heart,
With Satan now are join'd;
Each acts a too ſucceſsful part
In harraſſing my mind.

In conflict with this threefold troop,
How weary, Lord, am I!
Did not thy promiſe bear me up,
My ſoul muſt faint and die.

But fighting in my ſaviour's ſtrength,
Tho' mighty are my foes,
I ſhall a conqu'ror be at length
O'er all that can oppoſe.

Then why, my ſoul, complain or fear?
The crown of glory ſee!
The more I toil and ſuffer here,
The ſweeter reſt will be.

N.

HYMN 128. C. M.

MY ſoul to earth now bid adieu,
Let faith prepare her wings:
I would aſpire to take a view
Of ſweet celeſtial things.

Through climes and worlds before unknown,
The ſteep aſcent I gain,
Faith now beholds that glorious throne
Where Chriſt doth ever reign.

There the eternal Father ſits,
And there the ſacred Dove;
All meaner joys my ſoul forgets,
To take her fill of love.

There ſaints in countleſs numbers be,
Once pilgrims here below;
Complaining oft, alas! like me,
Now freed from ev'ry woe.

They at the fountain-head of bliſs
D in ever freſh ſupplies;
No ſatisfaction like to this
Is found beneath the ſkies.

Their harps can never be unſtrung,
Whilſt near the great ſupreme;

Eternal life beyond the ſkies
For all whom here he guides.

The wicked ceaſe from troubling there,
The weary are at reſt;
Sorrow, and ſin, and pain, and care,
No more approach the bleſt.

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To take her fill of love.

There ſaints in countleſs numbers be,
Once pilgrims here below;
Complaining oft, alas! like me,
Now freed from ev'ry woe.

They at the fountain-head of bliſs
Drink ever freſh ſupplies;
No ſatisfaction like to this
Is found beneath the ſkies.

Their harps can never be unſtrung,
Whilſt near the great ſupreme;

I heard the heav'nly notes they ſung,
And Jeſus was their theme.

Jeſus gives all their paſſions birth,
Is ever in their view:
O when ſhall I have done with earth,
And join their concert too.

Jeſus, ſubmiſſive to thy will,
I'll wait, till thou ſhalt pleaſe
My nobleſt wiſhes to fulfil,
And grant a full releaſe.

G. M.

HYMN 129. L. M.

WHAT glorious, what divine rewards,
In the bright realms of joy and love,
Await the foll'wers of the Lord!
When Jeſus calls them to remove.

The coming bliſs their ſouls employs,
Too vaſt for language to expreſs;
Yet faith foreſees the heav'nly crown
Which they hereafter ſhall poſſeſs.

Now wing'd for the important flight,
The ſaint thus triumphs at the ſight;
"Juſt on the verge of life I ſtand,
"And my departure is at hand.

" Approv'd in my Redeemer's ſight,
" On earth I've fought the better fight;
" The warfare o'er my race is run,
" Life everlaſting is begun.

" The crown of righteouſneſs is mine,
" For I have kept the faith divine;
" Pleaſures mine eyes by faith now ſee,
" Reſerv'd in Heav'n for ſuch as me.

" Pleaſures, immortal and refin'd,
" For all the choſen ſeed deſign'd;
" Pleaſures that flow from God's high throne,
" Pleaſures eternal and unknown!"

P. a.

HYMN 130. C. M.

WHAT rich and gracious promiſes
The kind Redeemer gives!
That ev'ry ſaint may be refreſh'd,
Who on his promiſe lives.

Lo, in his Father's Houſe above,
For their delightful ſeat;
Manſions of heav'nly joy and reſt,
His followers await!

There to prepare for them a place,
Jeſus to heav'n aſcends;
And there ſhall they with rapture taſte
That bliſs which never ends.

To us he will return again,
And all his ſaints receive;
And we with him ſhall ever reign,
With him for ever live.

P.

HYMN 131. L. M.

O WHAT compaſſion, grace, and love,
Did the incarnate Saviour move!
Who ſinners reconcil'd to God,
And ſhed his all-atoning blood.

Now to a ſtate of matchleſs grace,
By faith we have a free acceſs;
And hopes delightful entertain,
We ſhall in bliſs immortal reign.

While glory crowns our higheſt joys,
In tribulations we rejoice;
By ev'ry ſuff'ring patience taught,
And thus is ſweet experience wrought.

Now hope upon experience waits,
And heav'n itſelf anticipates;
Where never ending pleaſures grow,
Unmingled, or with grief or woe.

The Holy Spirit ſheds abroad
In ev'ry *ſon* the love of God;
Sure pledge of bleſſedneſs on high,
And glory which ſhall never die.

P.

HYMN 132. L. M.

STRANGERS and pilgrims here on earth,
Behold thy lowly foll'wers, Lord;
Call'd to the work by ſecond birth,
We yield obedience to thy word.

Gladly the ſummons we obey,
To tread the paths of joy and peace;
We bleſs the ſun that makes the day,
We bleſs the ſun of righteouſneſs.

Cheer'd by the healing beams we riſe,
Call'd forth by grace from graves of ſin;
We ſoar aloft, and ſeek the ſkies,
And everlaſting glories win.

What tho' with dangers all around,
We combat with a thouſand foes,
We ſoon ſhall reach the happy ground
Where peace prevails, and pleaſure flows.

Tho' ſighs and grief our heart ſhould heave,
And tears bedew the way we tread;
Each downcaſt heart thou wilt relieve,
And dry the tears that once we ſhed.

Thy hand ſuſtains the poor with bread,
The fainting cheers with Canaan's wine;
The meek thou wilt in judgment lead,
The feeble bleſs with ſtrength divine.

Tho' lofty mountains of deſpair
Ariſe to ſink us down to hell,
They ſhall as lowly vales appear
Before our great Zerubbabel.

Hoſanna to the pilgrim's Lord;
He'll guard us to his reſt above:
He is our ſhield and great reward,
Hoſanna to the God of love.

R. H.

HYMN 133. C. M.

LOOK, O my ſoul, within the veil,
View that unnumber'd throng,

Whoſe joys can never, never fail,
While Jeſus is their ſong.

O happy ſouls! for ever freed
From ſin and ev'ry ſnare,
They reign with their exalted head,
And palms of vict'ry bear.

They glory in their conq'ring God,
And ſee him as he is:
Their robes are ſpotleſs through his blood,
Their happineſs like his.

But I am in a world of woe,
Acquainted ſtill with grief;
Affliction I'm ordain'd to know,
When ſhall I get relief?

They once were ſore diſtreſs'd like me,
And ſore diſmay'd with fear;
They ſail'd o'er tribulation's ſea
Before they landed there.

Then my I live by faith on God,
On ev'ry promiſe giv'n;
And ſtill confide in Jeſu's blood,
My paſſport ſure to heav'n.

Jeſus will ſurely bring me there
In his appointed time;
On him, my ſoul, caſt all thy care,
Rely alone on him.

S. H.

HYMN 134. L. M.

SEE all things by the pow'r and love
Of our Immanuel form'd anew,
Behold the city of our God
Deſcending to our raptur'd view!

There ſhall the ſaints triumphant dwell
With angels, and their life enjoy,
And their harmonious harps and tongues
In everlaſting praiſe employ.

No more their bodies rack'd with pain,
Or moulder'd by the curſe are found:
Immortal from the duſt they riſe,
And with immortal glory crown'd.

Sin ſhall defile and vex no more,
In infinite perfection loſt;
O when ſhall we our harbour gain,
And land upon this bliſsful coaſt.

G. M.

HYMN 135. L. M.

NOW let our ſouls with holy joy
Up to the brighter world take wing;
Come, join ye ſaints in this employ,
And Chriſt the hope of glory ſing.

Well may this word our hearts ſet free,
From mournful thoughts and ſad complaints,
That Chriſt himſelf will ever be
The hope of glory in his ſaints.

Where'er we caſt our eyes around,
And view his people great or ſmall,
There Chriſt himſelf will ſtill be found
The hope of glory in them all.

Whatever hoſts of foes or fears
Their ſouls oppoſe by night or day,
There Chriſt himſelf in them appears
The hope of glory all the way.

In dark temptation's dreadful hour,
When helliſh thunder round them rolls,
There Chriſt himſelf diſplays his pow'r,
The hope of glory in their ſouls.

Nor ſhall they on a dying bed
Be overcome with ſlaviſh fear;

There Chriſt himſelf, their living head,
The hope of glory will appear.

When all his ranſom'd he ſhall bring
Safe to the bliſsful heav'nly ſhore,
Him ſhall they all triumphant ſing
Their glorious hope for evermore.

M.

CHRIST ALL IN ALL
TO THE
BELIEVER.

HYMN 136. L. M.

I WANT not India's pearly ſhore;
I want the joys of earth no more:
I want to quit each vain delight;
I want to walk with Chriſt in white.

I want to know my Saviour's love;
I want to fix my heart above;
I want more grace to conquer ſin;
I want to feel new life within.

I want Chriſt's robe of righteouſneſs;
I want that bright and glorious dreſs:

I want to lay my own aſide;
I want to fly from legal pride.

I want to lean on Jeſu's breaſt,
And feel him my eternal reſt:
I want the Spirit's purging fire,
More faith, more love, to raiſe me high'r.

I want with Jeſus to ſit down;
I long to wear my heav'nly crown:
I want the kingdom promis'd me;
I want no more, O Chriſt, but thee!

HYMN 137. L. M.

AGAIN, indulgent Lord, I come,
Again to tell my wants preſume:
I want to know thee as thou art;
I want to find thee in my heart.

I want to feel I die to ſin;
I would no longer live therein:
No earthly bliſs can do me good,
I want the balm of Jeſu's blood.

I want acquaintance with the Lamb,
To know the virtues of his name;
I want aſſurance of my faith;
I want a conqueſt over death.

I want my mind illumin'd, Lord;
I want to underſtand thy word:
I want my darkneſs chas'd away.
I want to ſee the perfect day.

I want to be made free indeed,
And ſee thee bruiſe the ſerpent's head:
I want to triumph in thy love,
And live, and reign, with thee above.

HYMN 138. C. M.

JESUS is precious in the eye
Of all who do receive
From him of grace a full ſupply,
And on his name believe.

He's precious, as in him alone
They know they are complete:
He's precious, as Jehovah's throne
His glorious mercy ſeat.

He's precious, as the living way
By which we have acceſs;
In which Jehovah doth diſplay,
And manifeſt his grace.

He's precious, as he doth contain
The promiſes of grace,
Which are in him, *Yea* and *Amen*
To all the choſen race.

He's precious to the ſaints, when led
Relationſhip to view;
By marriage union, he their head,
And they his members too.

His blood is precious to the ſoul
That waſhed is therein;
It makes the wounded conſcience whole,
It purifies from ſin.

Such precioufneſs he doth contain,
No tongue can ſpeak his worth;
The nobleſt metaphors are vain,
To ſet his glory forth.

G. M.

HYMN 139. L. M.

JESUS, our kinsman, and our God,
Array'd in majeſty and blood,
Thou art our life, our ſouls in thee
Poſſeſs a full felicity.

All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee, our ſurety and our head;
Thy croſs, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

O let my ſoul for ever lie
Beneath the bleſſings of thine eye;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To ſee thy face, to taste thy love!

HYMN 140. C. M. D.

COMPAR'D with Chriſt, in all beſide
No comelineſs I ſee:
The one thing needful, deareſt Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
The ſenſe of thy expiring love
Into my ſoul convey:
Thyſelf beſtow; for Thee alone
I abſolutely pray.

Whatever elſe thy will withholds,
Here grant me to ſucceed:
O let thyſelf my portion be,
And I am bleſt indeed.
Leſs than thyſelf will not ſuffice
My comfort to reſtore;

More than thyſelf I cannot have;
And thou canſt give no more.

Lov'd of my God, for Him again
With love intenſe I burn:
Choſen of Thee e'er time began,
I chuſe Thee in return.
Whate'er conſiſts not with thy love,
O teach me to reſign:
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliſs,
If thou, O God, art mine.

G. M.

HYMN 141. 7's. D.

JESUS! Thou art wholly mine,
All beſide thee I reſign;
Take poſſeſſion of my heart,
All the ſchemes of ſatan thwart:
Pleaſure no where elſe I find,
Nought can ſatisfy my mind,
If my Lord withdraws his face,
Hides the beamings of his grace.

Tho' he does but diſappear,
Satan tempts me to deſpair,
Tells me Chriſt has paſs'd me by,
Left me in diſtreſs to lie:

But the liar well I know,
I have always found him ſo;
Jeſus does his falſehood prove,
He again returns in love.

O my Saviour, if I could
Love thee, truſt thee as I would,
Then I ſhould be fully bleſt;
But, O! this is not my reſt!
Yet a ſong divine I'd raiſe,
To thy rich redeeming grace;
Let thy love inſpire my tongue,
And angels join the ſacred ſong.

G. M. a.

HYMN 142. C. M.

CHRIST, as our great phyſician, heals
Our maladies within;
Relieves the pangs the conſcience feels
From recollected ſin.

He ſees our many preſſing wants
With a propitious eye;
And from his own abundance grants
A free and rich ſupply,

He ſympathizes with our grief,
And lends a gracious ear
To all our groans,—and gives relief,
Whate'er we feel or fear.

'Tis he ſubdues our num'rous foes,
And blaſts their vile intent;
And he will always interpoſe,
Our ruin to prevent.

He manages our mean affairs
From his high throne above;
And ſoothes our ſorrows and our cares
With his endearing love.

My ſoul, with ſacred rapture, ſaith
(When Jeſus is in view)
This is the object of my faith,
And this its author too.

Angels his name with joy confeſs,
And low before him fall;
Then what can ſinners here do leſs,
Than own him all in all.

G. M.

HYMN 143. C. M.

CHRIST is the true ſubſtantial good,
The ſpring of heav'nly grace;

The hungry ſinner's daily food,
The Lord our righteouſneſs.

Chriſt, by the eye of faith we view,
The true believer's joy;
He can the pow'r of hell ſubdue,
And all our wants ſupply.

Chriſt is the ſure foundation-ſtone.
Our Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
Sav'd by his ſov'reign grace alone,
His grace alone we ſing.

Chriſt is the ſinner's only way,
And he the Truth, the Life;
He is the Sun that makes the day,
The Peace that ends our ſtrife.

Chriſt is our Advocate and Guide,
Our Brother and our Friend;
The Bridegroom of his choſen Bride,
Who loves her to the end.

Chriſt is the everlaſting Lord,
Our ſtrength whene'er we call,
The ſum and ſubſtance of the word,
The ſinner's *All in All.*

R. H.

HYMN 144. 7's.

AS a *Shepherd* loves to keep
Watch, and lead, and feed his ſheep;
So the gracious ſon of God
Saves the purchaſe of his blood.

As a *Father's* manly care
Proves his heart to be ſincere,
So the Lord his love diſplays,
Mix'd with majeſty and grace.

As a *Mother* loves to reſt
Tender babes upon her breaſt,
So the babes of grace ſhall find
Jeſus Chriſt divinely kind.

As a *Huſband* loves his bride
Like himſelf and none beſide;
Did not Chriſt this love excel,
When he ſav'd his bride from hell?

As a *Friend* that's truly kind,
In his heart ſweet love we find;
So in Jeſus Chriſt we prove
Sweet diſplays of changeleſs love.

As a *Brother* dearer ſtill
Than a friend, ſo Jeſus will

Manifeſt a brother's care,
Freely make us his joint heir.

As a *Prophet*, good and wiſe,
Gives the meek his beſt advice;
So does Chriſt delight to guide
Thoſe that men for fools deride.

As a *Prieſt* devotes to God
Incenſe and atoning blood;
So the dear redeeming Lamb
Bore the croſs, and ſcorn'd the ſhame.

As a *King* with loving ſway
Bends his people to obey;
So does Chriſt the rebel win,
Gains his heart and ſlays his ſin.

R. H.

HYMN 145. C. M.

HOW bleſt the union, how divine,
That ſaints with Jeſus ſhare!
In ſacred fellowſhip combin'd,
And guarded by his care.

As branches growing from the tree,
Thence nouriſhment derive;

By ſweet communion, Lord, with thee
Thy faithful foll'wers live,

But if thy grace be once conceal'd,
We joy nor pleaſure know;
As branches pluck'd from off the vine,
Which dead and ſapleſs grow.

Oh, may we ſtill in Chriſt abide,
Nor e'er from him remove:
Thus ſhall we richly be ſupply'd
With bleſſings from above.

P.

HYMN 146. L. M.

GRANT me my Saviour God to ſhare
This ſatisfaction moſt divine;
With which no joys on earth compare,
The happineſs to call thee mine.

My ſoul thy love and favour crave;
Let me enjoy this ſole requeſt;
The globe itſelf let others have,
With thee I am completely bleſt.

Oft I inferior joys have try'd,
The joys which earth and ſenſe can boaſt;
But had I now no joy beſide,
Alas! I were for ever loſt.

Earth's brighteſt ſcenes will quickly fade,
And all its empty pleaſures cloy;
" But God is my ſalvation made,"
His ſmiles are bliſs without alloy.

In heav'n or earth we've none but thee,
To whom for ſuccour ſhall we call?
Thou art our guardian and defence,
Thou, Saviour, art our *All in All.*

P.

HYMN 147. L. M.

IN Jeſus what rich glories meet,
To make our happineſs complete;
'Tis here each excellence is found,
Here bleſſings infinite abound.

Earth with its treaſures we eſteem
As worthleſs droſs compar'd to Him;
And for the Saviour's love divine,
We would the world itſelf reſign.

Oh may we but his grace obtain,
And in his ſmiles and favour reign;
In his bleſt righteouſneſs be found,
And be with his ſalvation crown'd.

Ceaſe, O my ſoul, now ceaſe to draw
Thy conſolations from the *law:*

Look for redemption from his croſs
Who ſuffer'd to retrieve thy loſs.

Still may I Jeſu's ſuff'rings know,
Hence pardon, peace, and comfort flow;
Enjoy ſweet fellowſhip with him
That dy'd, tranſgreſſors to redeem.

May I his reſurrection ſhare,
And the bright crown of glory wear;
At length be number'd with the bleſt,
In realms of everlaſting reſt.

Tho' yet the bliſs be unattain'd,
Nor I have to perfection gain'd;
I'll ſtill the glorious mark purſue,
And keep th' immortal crown in view.

May I the prize celeſtial gain,
With Chriſt the aſcended Saviour reign;
At the revival of the juſt,
'Tis all my hope, my joy, my truſt.

P.

HYMN 148. C. M.

WITH ſacred joy ye ſaints attend,
With pleaſing wonder hear;
The voice of Chriſt your heav'nly friend,
Harmonious greets your ear.

A *Shepherd's* tender name he claims,
And o'er his flock preſides;
His conſtant unremitting care
For all their wants provides.

Nought can his grace to them exceed;
Nor death his love confine;
The faithful ſhepherd for his flock
Doth his own life reſign.

And they attentive to his word,
Rejoice to do his will;
A Stranger they will ne'er obey,
Nor his command fulfil.

Averſe they turn their ear away,
As from a voice unknown;
To them ſo ſweet no accents ſound,
As Jeſu's voice alone.

Nor leſs his pitying eye regards
Thoſe from his fold remov'd;
The Gentiles to his church he brings,
And ſaves with his belov'd.

They to their heav'nly ſhepherd's call
Now lend a willing ear;
And with the myriads of his ſaints,
Enjoy his gracious care.

P.

HYMN 149. L. M.

NOW in the face of Jeſus, we
God's brighteſt form of glory ſee;
Beaming with mild and heav'nly rays,
He all his Father's grace diſplays.

Bleſt image of th' eternal God,
Here his rich glories ſhine abroad;
With a reſplendent luſtre ſhine
His pow'r, his truth, and love divine.

Of all creation the firſt-born,
Of all that heav'n's bright courts adorn;
He as a prince and ſov'reign reigns,
Almighty pow'r his throne ſuſtains.

See Jeſus our exalted head,
By whom the heav'ns and earth were made;
Subjected to his high command,
Thrones, kingdoms, and dominions ſtand.

It pleas'd eternal fulneſs well,
In Chriſt the Lord alone to dwell;
From this rich fountain freely flows
Complete relief for all our woes.

P.

HYMN 150. 3-8.

WHY ſhould I fear the darkeſt hour,
Or tremble at the Tempter's pow'r?
Jeſus vouchsafes to be my tow'r.

Tho' hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why muſt I either flee or yield,
Since Jeſus is my mighty ſhield?

When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why ſhould I?
Jeſus ſtill lives and ſtill is nigh.

Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,
My ſoul a famine need not dread,
For Jeſus is my living bread.

Tho' ſin would fill me with diſtreſs,
The throne of grace I dare addreſs,
For Jeſus is my righteouſneſs.

Tho' faint my pray'rs and cold my love,
My ſtedfaſt hope ſhall not remove,
While Jeſus intercedes above.

Againſt me earth and hell combine;
But on my ſide is pow'r divine;
Jeſus is all, and he is mine!

N.

HYMN 151. C. M.

WHEN is it chriſtians all agree,
And let diſtinctions fall?
When nothing in themſelves, they ſee
That Chriſt is all in all.

But ſtrife and diff'rence will ſubſiſt,
While men will ſomething ſeem:
Let them but ſingly look to Chriſt,
And all are one in him.

Eternal life's the gift of God;
It comes through Chriſt alone:
'Tis his; he bought it with his blood,
And therefore gives his own.

We have no life, no pow'r, no faith,
But what by Chriſt is giv'n;
We all deſerve eternal death,
And thus we all are ev'n.

And grace, true grace, will teach us this,
That ever ſince the fall,
Man's *virtue* a mere nothing is,
But Chriſt is all in all.

J. H.

FOR SEASONS OF DEJECTION.

HYMN 152. C. M.

WHY ſhould my ſoul indulge complaints
And ſit and brood deſpair?
The moſt unworthy of God's ſaints
Are objects of his care.

Why is my ſoul a ſlave to woe,
Why thus with anguiſh bleed?
Darkneſs is my pavillion now,
But glory ſhall ſucceed.

Why ſhould my fears ſo far prevail,
When they my hopes accoſt?
My faith (tho' weak) can never fail,
Nor ſhall my hopes be loſt.

A thouſand promiſes are wrote,
In characters of blood;
And thoſe emphatic lines denote
The ever faithful God.

Thro' thoſe dear promiſes I range,
And bleſſed be his name,
Tho' I, a fickle mortal, change,
His love is ſtill the ſame.

Grace, like a fountain, ever flows,
Freſh ſuccours to renew:
The Lord my wants and weakneſs knows,
My ſins and ſorrows too.

He ſees me often overcome,
And pity's my diſtreſs;
And bids afflictions drive me home,
And anchor on his grace.

'Tis he directs my doubtful ways,
When dangers line the road;
Here I mine *Ebenezer* raiſe,
And truſt a gracious God.

HYMN 153. L. M.

O GOD of grace, of love immenſe,
How free thy favours to diſpenſe:
I to thy mercy-ſeat repair,
Since thou haſt ſaid, "I'll meet thee there."

Thy promiſe is a firm decree,
'Tis made to ſinners vile as me:
Nor unbelief, by hell employ'd,
Shall make thy promiſe null and void.

Thou ſeeſt my ſoul by ſin oppreſt,
O come, and give the weary reſt!
My baſe backſlidings kindly heal,
Apply the balm, thy love reveal!

O take away the the heart of ſtone,
Thou know'ſt how oft it makes me groan;
Give me a heart of fleſh, my Lord,
Remember thine own ſacred word.

Should I go mourning to the grave,
'Twere juſt; yet Lord from darkneſs ſave:
Doth not thy tender word expreſs,
"I will not leave you comfortleſs?"

Burſt through the clouds, O ſource of light,
Let joy ſucceed the weeping night!
Thy beams ſhall make my deſart grow,
The fruit appear, the ſpices flow.

What thou haſt promis'd I implore,
Supplies from thy exhauſtleſs ſtore:
O righteous Father, juſt and true,
Give me both grace and glory too.

G. M.

HYMN 154. L. M.

WHY droops my ſoul, with guilt oppreſt?
Why theſe wild tumults in my breaſt?
Is there no *balm* to heal my wound?
No kind *Phyſician* to be found?

Yes—in the goſpel's faithful lines,
Jehovah's grace and mercy ſhines;
There, dreſs'd in love, the Saviour ſtands,
With pitying heart and wooing hands.

Raiſe to the croſs thy weeping eyes,
Behold! the prince of glory dies!
He dies extended on the tree;
Thence ſheds a ſov'reign balm for me.

Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die:
But love forbids that painful fear,
And grace that reigns triumphant here.

O Chriſt, extract the poiſon'd dart,
Bind up, and heal my broken heart;
With thy free love my ſoul adorn,
And chaſe my gloomy night to morn.

HYMN 155. L. M.

GOD of my life! to thee I call,
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

Friend of the friendleſs and the faint!
Where ſhould I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whoſe open door
Invites the helpleſs and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuſe that mourner's plea?
Does not thy word ſtill fix'd remain,
That none ſhall ſeek thy face in vain?

Poor tho' I am, deſpis'd, forgot,
Yet O, my God, forget me not;
On thee, and thee alone, I fall,
Vouchſafe, O Chriſt, to hear my call:

And hearing, grant that kind relief
Which ſhall take off my load of grief:
If Thou for me doſt intercede,
I know thy pray'r will beſt ſucceed.

L. H. a.

HYMN 156. C. M.

OFFENDED Majeſty! how long
Wilt thou conceal thy face?
How long refuſe my fainting ſoul
The ſuccours of thy grace?

While ſorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
And black deſpondence reigns,
Satan exults at my complaints,
And triumphs o'er my pains.

Let thy returning ſpirit, Lord,
Diſpel the ſhades of night;
Smile on my poor deſerted ſoul,
My God, thy ſmiles are light.

While ſcoffers at thy ſacred word
Deride the pangs I feel,
Deem my religion inſincere,
Or call it uſeleſs zeal.

Yet can I not repent my choice,
Nor e'er withdraw my truſt;
I know thee, Lord, a pow'rful friend,
And kind, and wiſe, and juſt.

To doubt thy goodneſs would be baſe
Ingratitude in me;

Paſt favours ſhall renew my hopes,
And fix my faith in thee.

Indulgent God! my willing voice,
Thy praiſes would prolong:
Command thy love to fire my breaſt,
And grace to ſwell my ſong.

Dr. C.

HYMN 157. In Two Parts. C. M.

WITH fierce deſire the hunted hart
Explores the cooling ſtream;
Mine is a paſſion ſtronger far,
And mine a nobler theme.

Yes, with ſuperior fervors, Lord,
I thirſt to ſee thy face;
My languid ſoul would fain approach
The fountains of thy grace.

Oh! the great plenty of thy houſe!
The rich refreſhments there!
To live an exile from thy courts,
O'erwhelms me with deſpair.

In worſhip when I join'd thy ſaints,
How ſweetly paſs'd my days!

Pray'r my divine employment then,
And all my pleaſure praiſe.

But now I'm loſt to evr'y joy,
Becauſe detain'd from thee:
Thoſe golden periods ne'er return,
Or ne'er return to me.

Yet, O my ſoul, why thus depreſt,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy truſt,
And check the riſing tear.

D. C.

PART 2d. By another Hand.

TO God in plaintive accents, I
My mournful voice did raiſe;
I call'd for help, but none was nigh,
His help my God delays.

I ſtill complain'd, and wreſtled hard,
Till faith began to fail:
"Lord, is thy door of mercy barr'd,
While fears and doubts prevail?"

My overwhelming ſorrows grew
To heights unknown before;

Paſt favours ſhall renew my hopes,
And fix my faith in thee.

Indulgent God! my willing voice,
Thy praiſes would prolong:
Command thy love to fire my breaſt,
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His help my God delays.

I ſtill complain'd, and wreſtled hard,
Till faith began to fail:
"Lord, is thy door of mercy barr'd,
While fears and doubts prevail?"

My overwhelming ſorrows grew
To heights unknown before;

Then I within myſelf withdrew,
To ſearch his judgments o'er.

My ſins I ſummon'd to appear,
And charg'd them with my woe:
'Twas they begat deſponding fear,
And laid my hopes ſo low.

But wilt thou, Lord, thus caſt me off,
And let thy promiſe fail?
Haſt thou not pard'ning grace enough?
O let thy grace prevail.

Lord now reſtore thy wonted love,
And let ſalvation flow:
That I may yet thy kindneſs prove,
And all its wonders know.

He hears—and anſwers my requeſt,
I now begin to feel
Some tokens of his promis'd reſt,
And more he will reveal.

a.

HYMN 158. C. M.

LORD, hear thy ſervant's humble pray'r,
And let my mournful cry
Aſcend and reach thy gracious ear,
And move thy pitying eye.

O hide not now thy cheering rays,
When fears and ſorrows riſe;
But hear, and let thy ſov'reign grace
Return with quick ſupplies.

My days, like ſmoke, conſume away,
And this poor dying frame
Sinks down to ruin and decay,
Scorch'd with affliction's flame.

My ſpirit fails, my hopes decline,
Like with'ring graſs they fade:
And while beneath thy ſtroke I pine,
How taſteleſs is my bread!

What comfort e'er can cheer my taſte
Beneath thy angry frown?
Rais'd by thy ſmiles I once was bleſt,
But thou haſt caſt me down.

O leave not deſtitute my ſoul,
Nor ſink me in deſpair:
Let love divine my fears controul,
And praiſe ſucceed to pray'r

T.

HYMN 159. L. M.

SAVE me by thy Almighty arm,
O God, from all my ſins and faults:

Then guilt nor folly ſhall alarm
My ſoul, nor raiſe deſponding thoughts.

Beneath the chaſt'ning of thy hand,
Let not my heart, or tongue, repine;
But ſilent and ſubmiſſive bend,
And bear the ſtroke becauſe 'tis thine.

But O let mercy ſoon prevail,
Thy awful anger to remove:
The ſtroke is juſt, but I am frail,
Thy ſparing goodneſs let me prove.

O ſpare me, and my ſtrength reſtore,
E'er my few haſty minutes flee,
And when my days on earth are o'er,
O let me ever dwell with thee.

T.

HYMN 160. L. M.

AWAKE my ſoul, ſhake off thy duſt,
To Jeſus now at length look up;
No longer weep, no more diſtruſt,
Againſt all hope, believe in hope.

Am I too bad for Chriſt to ſave?
Am I too foul for him to cleanſe?
Will he not ranſom me a ſlave?
Can he not pardon all my ſins?

Can'ſt thou not, Lord, who made the earth,
And rais'd dead Lazarus from the grave,
Create in me a ſecond birth,
And me a ruin'd ſinner ſave?

Dear Lord, I bow beneath thy feet,
Before thee now my ſoul I lay;
To thee for ever I ſubmit,
And wilt thou ſtill reſolve to ſlay?

Jeſus, once more I lift mine eyes,
My only hope is in thy blood;
On thee alone my ſoul relies,
Be thou my Saviour and my God.

HYMN 161. L. M.

WITH ſhame and bluſhing Lord I come
Before thy holy, gracious throne;
Deſerving to receive my doom
In hell, for all that I have done.

Againſt me my miſdeeds prevail,
And Satan doth my ſoul purſue;
My heart miſgives, my ſpirits fail,
When I my num'rous ſins review.

I ſinn'd before I knew thee, Lord,
Or rather I of thee was known;
I've ſinn'd (it cuts me like a ſword,)
Since thou haſt ſeal'd me for thy own.

What can I then before thee plead,
Why thou ſhouldſt not deſtroy me now?
But doth not Jeſus intercede?
To him thine ear of mercy bow.

To him my Advocate above,
I leave my cauſe before thy throne;
Thou canſt not, Lord, forbear to love
The ſouls for whom he did atone.

O may his interceſſion riſe,
Like odours ſweet before thy face;
From him my only ſacrifice,
My ſoul expects reſtoring grace.

For thou canſt never bear to ſee
The weakeſt child of thine expire;
Nor ſuffer ſuch a wretch as me,
To periſh in eternal fire.

H. a.

FOR SEASONS
OF SPECIAL DELIVERANCE.

HYMN 162. L. M.

I LOVE the Lord, his gracious ear
Inclin'd to hear my mournful pray'r;
He heard my ſupplicating voice,
And bade my fainting heart rejoice.

Death ſpread around his fatal chains,
To drag me to infernal pains;
I felt the agonizing dart,
And horror ſeiz'd my trembling heart.

'Twas then in my extreme diſtreſs,
I call'd upon the God of grace;
His pow'r did all my fears controul,
And ſnatch from death my ſinking ſoul.

For ever gracious is the Lord,
For ever faithful to his word;
By ſweet experience now I prove
The wonders of redeeming love.

Return, my ſoul, and ſweetly reſt
On thy Almighty Father's breaſt;
The bounties of his grace adore,
And count his wond'rous mercies o'er.

O Salem, in thy ſacred courts,
Where glory dwells and joy reſorts,
To notes divine I'll tune my ſong,
Whilſt praiſes flow from ev'ry tongue.

T.

HYMN 163. S. M.

O Bleſs the Lord, my ſoul,
Who did thy life redeem:
He did thy riſing fears controul,
Then boaſt alone of him.

Ye humble ſouls unite,
And in his praiſes ſhare:
He is the ſtrength of Is'rel's might,
His help is ever near.

I ſought his gracious aid,
His aid he did afford:
Then O my ſoul be not afraid,
To truſt alone the Lord.

In darkneſs long I lay,
And foes perplex'd me ſore:
But God did turn my night to day,
And ſav'd me by his pow'r.

My face no more aſham'd,
Though poor and needy ſtill:
His winged cherubims enflam'd
Obeys his ſov'reign will.

And though I ſaw them not,
Nor knew how near they were;
They took their camp juſt on that ſpot
From whence aroſe my fear.

Ye needy, helpleſs poor,
Will ye not truſt the Lord?
His ſaving pow'r for evermore
Is equal to his word.

The righteous often cry,
And God doth hear their voice;
And feeling that his help is nigh,
Their downcaſt hearts rejoice.

A broken, contrite heart,
Is what he well approves:
To ſuch he doth his help impart,
And ſhews how well he loves.

HYMN 164. 10's & 11's.

BLESS'D Spirit impart thy power divine,
And now on my heart moſt graciouſly ſhine;
For O! I deſire this love to commend,
Who me from the fire pluck'd out as a brand.

Polluted, and vile, and burning away,
To luſt, ſin, and hell, I made me a prey;
Sure I muſt admire that merciful hand,
Which me from the fire pluck'd out as a brand.

He ſaw the diſtreſs and guilt I lay in,
Yet pitied my caſe, and pardon'd my ſin;
Well may he require my heart and my hand,
Who me from the fire pluck'd out as a brand.

So great was my guilt, my heart was ſo hard,
That nothing I felt, and nothing I fear'd:
'Twas Chriſt's own deſire his love to extend,
Who me from the fire pluck'd out as a brand.

Dear Lord, let me live thy praiſes to ſhew,
And ſtill to me give thy mercies to view;
O draw me ſtill nigher, before thee to ſtand,
Who me from the fire pluck'd out as a brand.

Yea, bring me at laſt, thro' ſovereign love,
When this life is paſt, to praiſe thee above:
To join the bleſs'd choir, and world without end,
Sing me from the fire, he pluck'd as a brand.

M.

HYMN 165. 10's & 11's.

THE Lord is my ſtrength, my fortreſs, and tow'r,
My ſoul he reſtores and ſaves by his pow'r;
He's the horn of my peace, ſalvation, and reſt,
And my life he redeems, when foes me moleſt.

Though ſorrows of hell encompaſs me round,
Afflictions, diſtreſs, and trials abound:
Yet by leaning on him I ſtill am preſerv'd,
His power diſpels all the evils I fear'd.

When veſſels of wrath and darkneſs aroſe,
He reſcu'd my life from the direful foes:
He preſerved my ſoul from death and from hell,
Then he open'd my mouth his mercies to tell.

I'll ſpeak of his love, his praiſes I'll ſhew,
Ye humble adore, and joy in him too;
Nor ceaſe ye to truſt him in ev'ry ſad hour,
His love is unbounded, and ſo is his pow'r.

Do terrors and doubts, in battle array,
Erect up the ſtandard your ſouls to diſmay?
Then look to Jehovah, who always doth keep,
And protect from the wolves, his lambs and his ſheep.

Ye ranſomed ſouls, truſt ye in your King,
He out of darkneſs makes day-light to ſpring;
And rules over all by his power and will,
Jehovah my banner is wond'rous in ſkill.

a.

HYMN 166. L. M.

THE Lord my Saviour is my light,
What terrors can my ſoul affright?
While God my ſtrength, my life is near,
What potent arm ſhall make me fear?

When cruel foes, the ſons of ſtriſe,
Came furious to devour my life;
Their vile deſigns at once o'erthrown,
Confeſs'd the pow'r that caſt them down.

Should num'rous hoſts beſiege me round,
My ſtedfaſt heart no fear ſhall wound;
Tho' war ſhould riſe in dread array,
God is my ſtrength, my hope, my ſtay.

When troubles riſe, my guardian God
Me ſafely hides in his abode!
Firm as a rock my hope ſhall ſtand,
Suſtain'd by his Almighty hand.

Thou ſacred ſpring of all my joys,
Whene'er I raiſe my plaintive voice,
O let thy ſov'reign mercy hear,
And anſwer all my humble pray'r.

O teach me Lord, thy ſacred way,
Uphold my ſteps, nor let me ſtray;

While enemies and fears alarm,
Extend thy kind, thy guardian arm.

My hope was ready to depart,
But faith ſuſtain'd my fainting heart;
I truſted in a gracious God,
And live to ſpread his praiſe abroad.

Ye humble ſouls, in ev'ry ſtrait
On God with ſacred courage wait;
His hand ſhall life and ſtrength afford,
O wait continual on the Lord.

T.

HYMN 167. C. M.

THEE, Lord, my thankful ſoul would bleſs,
Thee all my pow'rs adore;
Thy hand hath rais'd me from diſtreſs,
My foes rejoice no more.

O Lord, my God, oppreſs'd with grief,
To Thee I breath'd my cry;
Thy mercy brought divine relief,
And wip'd my weeping eye.

Thy mercy chas'd the ſhades of death,
And ſnatch'd me from the grave;

O may thy praiſe employ that breath
Which mercy deigns to ſave.

Again I hear thy voice divine.
New joys exulting bound;
My robes of mourning I reſign,
And gladneſs girds me round.

Then let my utmoſt glory be
To raiſe thy honours high:
Till God my Saviour I ſhall ſee
Where joys ſhall never die.

T. a.

HYMN 168. L. M.

AWAKE my ſoul, awake my tongue,
My God demands the grateful ſong;
Let all my inmoſt pow'rs record,
The wond'rous mercy of the Lord.

Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my crimes, allays my woes,
And bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.

He fills my longing ſoul with good,
Subſtantial bliſs, immortal food!
Youth ſmiles renew'd in active prime,
And triumphs o'er the pow'r of time.

How free his plenteous mercies flow!
But his reluctant wrath how ſlow!
He chides, but ſoon his ſmile returns,
Nor long his dreadful anger burns.

How far beyond our vile deserts,
Is ev'ry gift his hand imparts!
High as the bright expanded ſkies,
His vaſt unbounded mercies riſe.

The tend'reſt yearning nature knows,
A father's love too faintly ſhows,
The ever kind, indulgent care
Which God's own happy children ſhare.

Then while his grace his praiſe proclaim,
And men and angels bleſs his name;
O let my life, my tongue record,
The truth and goodneſs of my Lord.

T. a.

HYMN 169. C. M.

MY God, my King, to thee I'll raiſe
My voice and all my pow'rs;
Unwearied ſongs of ſacred praiſe
Shall fill the circling hours.

Thy love ſhall dwell upon my tongue
While ſuns ſhall ſet and riſe;
And tune my everlaſting ſong,
When time and nature dies.

Thy works of grace, Almighty Lord,
Our nobleſt ſongs adorn;
Redeeming love we will record,
For ages yet unborn.

In ſweetly flowing ſtrains we'll tell
The riches of thy grace;
In ſongs of grateful joy reveal
Thy ſpotleſs righteouſneſs.

How free the Lord's compaſſions flow!
His wrath how ſlow to riſe;
Swift pardon ſmiles upon his brow,
And guilt, and terror dies.

Great God, whilſt nature ſpeaks thy praiſe,
With all her num'rous tongues,
Thy ſaints ſhall tune diviner lays,
And love inſpire their ſongs.

T.

HYMN 170. L. M.

HAPPY the man whoſe hopes divine
On Iſrael's guardian God recline!

Who can with ſacred tranſport ſay,
This God is mine, my help, my ſtay.

His juſtice favours thoſe who mourn
Beneath the proud oppreſſor's ſcorn;
The hungry poor his hand ſuſtains,
And breaks the wretched captive's chains.

To ſightleſs eyes, long clos'd in night,
His touch reſtores the joys of light;
Poor mourners rais'd, confeſs his care,
He makes them humble and ſincere.

If wand'ring ſtrangers friendleſs roam,
Divine protection is their home;
The Lord relieves the widow's cares,
And dries the weeping orphan's tears.

No more their breaking hearts despair,
He binds their wounds with tender care;
His healing hand removes their pain,
And cheerful comfort ſmiles again.

How gracious is the Lord! how kind!
To raiſe the meek, dejected mind;
But awful terrors in his frown,
Shall caſt rebellious ſinners down.

Dear to the Lord, for ever dear,
The heart where he implants his fear;

The ſouls who on his grace rely,
Theſe, theſe are lovely in his eye.

Sing to the Lord, let praiſe inſpire
The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre;
In hymns of joy, proclaim abroad
The endleſs glories of our God.

T.

HYMN 171. L. M.

PRESERVE me Lord from all my foes,
In thee alone my hopes repoſe;
How oft my ſoul with joys divine,
Exulting ſings, the Lord is mine!

The Lord my only portion is,
My joy, my hope, my happineſs,
My guardian, and my ſure defence,
My ſhield is his omnipotence.

Mark'd out as by a ſacred line,
My lot, my portion is divine;
And oh, how pleaſant, and how fair
The bleſt inheritance I ſhare.

Ador'd for ever be the Lord,
Who doth ſuch bleſſings rich afford;
And by his ſpirit ſtill impart
The ſweeteſt counſels to my heart.

My ſoul exults with ſacred joys,
My tongue her tuneful pow'rs employs;
Of thine almighty love poſſeſt,
In peace, and hope, my fleſh ſhall reſt.

For thou to me the glorious way
Of life immortal didſt diſplay:
And I ſhall to thy preſence riſe,
To dwell with thee above the ſkies.

Where rivers of perpetual joy
Increaſing flow without alloy;
There I ſhall from thy heav'nly throne
Reap bliſs eternal and unknown.

P.

HYMN 172. L. M.

THE Lord! how rich his comforts are!
How wide they ſpread! how high they riſe!
He pours in balm to bleeding hearts,
And wipes the tears from flowing eyes.

I have no hope, my ſpirit cried,
Juſt trembling on the brink of hell;
I am thy hope, the Lord replied,
My love ſecures its fav'rites well.

My grateful ſoul ſhall ſpeak his praiſe,
Who turns its tremblings into ſongs;
And thoſe that mourn ſhall learn from me,
Salvation to our God belongs.

D.

TO THE HOLY GHOST.

HYMN 173. L. M.

THOU ſource of all vigour divine,
Sweet ſpirit of life and of love;
How long ſhall I languiſh and pine,
And when thy full influence prove?

So far thou haſt quicken'd my heart,
It now its own hardneſs can feel;
When wilt thou more ſoftneſs impart,
And turn it like wax to thy ſeal.

I truſt I oft feel in my breaſt
Some ſpark of celeſtial fire;
Without thee my ſoul cannot reſt,
No creature can fill my deſire.

My deadneſs and coldneſs I hate,
I long to be all in a flame;
With love that ſhall never abate,
But riſe to the ſkies whence it came.

Lord, cauſe my cold boſom to glow,
From odious lukewarmneſs ſet free;
Invincible ardour beſtow,
And make me all active for thee.

HYMN 174. S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams ariſe;
Diſpel the ſorrow from our minds,
The darkneſs from our eyes.

Cheer our deſponding hearts
With viſitations ſweet;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breaſts, the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our ſin,
Then lead to Jeſu's blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The hidden love of God.

'Tis thine to cleanſe the heart,
T' illuminate the ſoul;
To pour freſh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free,
Then ſhall we know, and praiſe, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

J. H. a.

HYMN 175. L. M.

HEAR, gracious Sov'reign, from thy throne,
And ſend thy various bleſſings down;
While by thine *Iſrael* thou art ſought,
Attend the pray'r thy word hath taught.

Come, ſacred ſpirit, from above,
And fill the coldeſt heart with love:
Soften to fleſh the rugged ſtone,
And let thy godlike pow'r be known.

Speak thou, and from the haughtieſt eyes
Shall floods of pious ſorrow riſe;
While all their glowing ſouls are borne
To ſeek that grace which now they ſcorn.

O let a holy flock await
Num'rous around thy temple gate;
Each preſſing on with zeal to be
A living ſacrifice to thee.

In anſwer to our fervent cries,
Give us to ſee thy church ariſe;
And let the horn of David bud.
And ev'ry ſoul be fill'd with good.

D. a.

HYMN 176. 4-8's 2-6's.

COME Holy Ghoſt and warm my heart,
Thy animating pow'r impart,
Sweet dawn of life divine!
'Tis Jeſu's love alone can give
The pow'r to riſe, the pow'r to live;
Eternal life is thine.

If in my heart, thy heav'nly day
Has e'er diffus'd its vital ray,
I bleſs the ſmiling dawn:

But O! when gloomy clouds ariſe,
And veil thy glory from mine eyes,
I mourn my joys withdrawn.

Then faith, and hope, and love decay,
Without thy life-inſpiring ray,
Each cheerful grace declines;
Yet I muſt live on thee, my Lord,
For ſtill in thy unchanging word
A beam of comfort ſhines.

The vital principle within,
Though oft depreſs'd with fear and ſin,
Can never ceaſe to be;
Though doubt prevails, and grief complains,
Thy hand omnipotent, ſuſtains
The life deriv'd from thee.

O come, thou life of ev'ry grace,
Reveal, reveal thy lovely face,
Theſe gloomy clouds remove!
And bid my fainting hope ariſe
To thy fair manſions in the ſkies,
On wings of faith and love.

There life divine no languor knows,
But with immortal vigor glows,
By joys immortal fed:

No cloud can ſpread a moment's night,
For there, thy ſmiles immenſe delight,
And boundleſs glory ſhed.

G. M.

HYMN 177. 7's.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine,
Let thy light within me ſhine:
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me full of heav'n and love.

Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burden'd ſinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Waſh me in his precious blood.

Life and peace to me impart;
Seal ſalvation on my heart;
Breathe thyſelf into my breaſt,
Earneſt of immortal reſt.

Let me never from thee ſtray;
Keep me in the narrow way:
Fill my ſoul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

Guard me round on ev'ry ſide;
Save me from ſelf-righteous pride:
Me with Jeſu's mind inſpire;
Melt me with celeſtial fire.

Thou my droſs and tin conſume;
Let thy inward kingdom come:
All my pray'r and praiſe ſuggeſt;
Dwell and reign within my breaſt.

G. M.

HYMN 178. C. M.

SPIRIT of truth, eternal God,
Thou meek and lowly Dove,
Who fill'ſt the ſoul, thro' Jeſu's blood,
With faith, and hope, and love.

Who comforteſt the heavy heart,
By ſin and ſorrow preſt;
Who to the dead can'ſt life impart
And to the weary reſt.

Thy ſweet communion charms the ſoul,
And gives true peace and joy,
Which Satan's pow'r cannot controul,
Nor all his wiles deſtroy.

Come from the bliſsful realms above;
Our longing breaſts inſpire
With thy ſoft flames of heav'nly love;
And fan the ſacred fire.

Breathe comfort where diſtreſs abounds;
The wounded conſcience clean;
And heal, with balm from Jeſu's wounds,
The feſt'ring ſores of ſin.

Vanquiſh our luſts; our pride remove;
And melt our hearts of ſtone;
Reveal the ever boundleſs love,
Of the great Three-in-One.

J. H. a.

HYMN 179. C. M.

O HOLY Comforter deſcend!
Unfold the things of God:
Then ſhall our fears and ſorrows end,
Through faith in Jeſu's blood.

'Tis thine that precious blood t'apply,
To make us feel and ſee,
That Jeſus did for ſinners die,
And thereby make them free.

Thou light of light, this truth reveal,
That we're redeem'd by blood;
And ſeal us with thy heav'nly ſeal,
The ſons and heirs of God.

Fill all our ſouls with joy and peace,
And grace and wiſdom give;
That we with him in endleſs bliſs
May ever reign and live.

L. H. a.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE WEAK.

HYMN 180. 7's.

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt ſoon have cauſe to bleſs
His eternal faithfulneſs.

He ſuſtains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to ſtand;
Thoſe whom Jeſus once hath lov'd,
From his grace are never mov'd.

Human counſels come to nought;
That ſhall ſtand which God hath wrought:
His compaſſion, love, and pow'r,
Are the ſame for evermore.

Heav'n and earth may paſs away,
God's free grace ſhall not decay;
He hath promis'd to fulfil
All the pleaſure of his will.

Jeſus, guardian of thy flock,
Be thyſelf our conſtant rock;
Make us, by thy pow'rful hand,
Strong as Sion's mountain ſtand.

R. H.

HYMN 181. 10's & 11's.

YE pris'ners of hope, O'erwhelmed with grief,
To Jeſus look up For certain relief;
Declare the condition And ſtate you are in,
And Chriſt, the Phyſician, Will ſave you from ſin.

Should Juſtice appear A terrible foe,
Yet be of good cheer, And ſoon ſhall you know,
That ſinners confeſſing Their tranſgreſſions paſt,
A plentiful bleſſing of pardon ſhall taſte.

Law, conſcience, and ſin, Accuſe us in vain,
If we are found in The Lamb of God ſlain:
There's no condemnation In Jeſus the Lord,
But ſtrong conſolation His grace doth afford.

Then dry up your tears, Ye children of grief,
For Jeſus appears, To give you relief;
If you are returning To Jeſus your friend,
Your ſighing and mourning In ſinging ſhall end.

None will I caſt out Who come, ſaith the Lord,
Why then do you doubt? Lay hold of his word.
Ye mourners of Sion, Be bold to believe,
Be bold to rely on Your Saviour, and live.

H.

HYMN 182. L. M.

BE ſtill, my heart! theſe anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and ſnares;
They caſt diſhonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

Brought ſafely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canſt thou want, if he provide,
Or loſe thy way with ſuch a guide?

When firſt before his mercy-ſeat,
Thou didſt to him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To truſt his wiſdom, love, and pow'r.

Did ever trouble yet befal,
And he refuſe to hear thy call?
And has he not his promiſe paſt,
That thou ſhalt overcome at laſt.

Tho' rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace to God;
Then count thy preſent trials ſmall,
For heav'n will make amends for all.

N.

HYMN 183. C. M.

HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our ſins and pains;
Now ſeated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring ſkill;
And countleſs worlds extended wide,
Obey his ſov'reign will.

While harps unnumber'd ſound his praiſe,
In yonder world above;
His ſaints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

His righteouſneſs to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms;
Affords a hiding place and ſhield
From enemies and ſtorms.

This land thro' which his pilgrims go,
Is deſolate and dry;
But ſtreams of grace from him o'erflow,
Their thirſt to ſatisfy.

When troubles, like a burning ſun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty rock thy run,
And find a pleaſing ſhade.

How glorious He! how happy they,
In ſuch a glorious friend!
Whoſe love ſecures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

N.

HYMN 184. S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling ſaints,
Down from the willows take:

Loud to the praiſe of love divine,
Bid ev'ry ſtring awake.

Tho' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our houſe above
We ev'ry moment come.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter, ſhine;
Nor preſent things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the ſpark divine.

Faſten'd within the vail,
Hope be your anchor ſtrong;
His loving ſpirit the ſweet gale
That wafts you ſmooth along.

Or ſhould the ſurges riſe,
And peace delay to come;
Bleſt is the ſorrow, kind the ſtorm,
That drives us nearer home.

The people of his choice
He will not caſt away;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's mount to ſtay.

When we in darkneſs walk,
Nor feel the heav'nly flame;

Then is the time to truſt our God,
And reſt upon his name.

Soon ſhall our doubts and fears
Subſide at his controul:
His loving kindneſs ſhall break through
The midnight of the ſoul.

L. H.

HYMN 185. 10's & 11's.

BEGONE, unbelief, My Saviour is near,
And for my relief Will ſurely appear:
By pray'r let me wreſtle, And he will perform;
With Chriſt in the veſſel, I ſmile at the ſtorm.

Tho' dark be my way, Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'Tis his to provide.
Tho' ciſterns be broken, And creatures all fail,
The word he has ſpoken Shall ſurely prevail.

Why ſhould I complain Of want or diſtreſs,
Temptation or pain? He told me no leſs:
The heirs of ſalvation, I know from his word,
Thro' much tribulation Muſt follow their Lord.

How bitter that cup No heart can conceive,
Which he drunk quite up, That ſinners might live!

His way was much rougher, And darker than mine;
Did Jeſus thus ſuffer, And ſhall I repine?

Since all that I meet Shall work for my good,
The bitter is ſweet, The med'cine is food;
Tho' painful at preſent, 'Twill ceaſe before long,
And then, O how pleaſant! The conqueror's ſong!

N.

ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

HYMN 186. C. M.

IN thy rebukes, all-gracious God,
What ſoft compaſſion reigns;
What gentle accents of thy voice
Aſſuage thy children's pains.

"When I correct my choſen ſons,
"A father's bowels move:
"One tranſient moment bounds my wrath,
"But endleſs is my love."

But faith can look thro' ev'ry tear,
And view thy ſmiling face;

And hope, amidſt our ſighs, can tune
An anthem to thy grace.

Gather at length my weary ſoul
To join thy ſaints above;
For I would learn a ſong of praiſe,
Eternal as thy love.

D.

HYMN 187. C. M.

MY God, thy ſervice well demands
The remnant of my days:
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praiſe?

Thine arms of everlaſting love
Did this weak frame ſuſtain,
When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,
And nature ſunk with pain.

Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
Didſt chaſe the fears of hell;
And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips
Thy matchleſs grace to tell.

Calmly I bow'd my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breaſt;

Pleas'd to obey thy father's call
To his eternal reſt.

Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my ſoul reſign,
In firm dependance on that truth,
Which made ſalvation mine.

Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come:
Nor would I urge a ſpeedier flight
To my celeſtial home.

Where thou determin'ſt mine abode,
There would I chuſe to be;
For in thy preſence death is life,
And earth is heav'n with thee.

D.

HYMN 188. L. M.

GREAT ſource of life, our ſouls confeſs
The various riches of thy grace;
Crown'd with thy mercy we rejoice,
And in thy praiſe exalt our voice.

By thee heav'n's ſhining arch was ſpread;
By thee were earth's foundations laid:

Thy pow'r ſupports and rules the whole,
Subjecting all to thy controul.

Thy tender hand reſtores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

Theſe lives are ſacred to the Lord;
Kindled by him, by him reſtor'd;
And while our hours renew their race,
Still would we walk before thy face.

So when by him our ſouls are led,
Thro' unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant ſhall they move,
To ſeats of nobler life above.

D. a.

HYMN 189. C. M.

LOOK back, my ſoul, with grateful heart,
On what thy God has done;
For ev'ry gift he doth impart,
And praiſe him for his Son.

When on the bed of pain I lay,
With ſickneſs ſore oppreſs'd,
How oft hath he aſſuag'd my grief,
And lull'd my eyes to reſt.

Back from deſtruction's yawning pit,
At his command I came;
He fed th' expiring lamp anew,
And rais'd its feeble flame.

My broken ſpirit he hath cheer'd,
When torn with inward grief;
And, when afflictions preſs'd me ſore,
He brought me ſweet relief.

My ſoul from everlaſting death
Is by his mercy brought,
To tell in Zion's ſacred gates
The *wonders* he hath wrought.

D. a.

ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

HYMN 190.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful ſound,
Louder than a thouſand thunders
Shake the vaſt creation round!
How the ſummons will the ſinner's heart confound!

See the judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "this God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day for thine!

At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of nature shaken
By his looks prepare to flee:
Careless sinner, what will then become of thee?

Horrors past imagination
Will surprize your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence accursed wretch depart,
Thou with Satan and his angels have thy part!"

Satan who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake:
Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at stake.

But, to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow;
You for ever shall my love and glory know."

Under ſorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raiſe!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs ſhall then be chang'd to praiſe:
We ſhall triumph when the world is in a blaze.

N.

HYMN 191. L. M.

GOD with one piercing glance looks thro'
Creation's wide-extended frame;
The paſt, and future, in his view,
And days, and ages, are the ſame.

Sinners who dare provoke his face,
Who on his patience long preſume,
And triſle out his day of grace,
Will find he has a day of doom.

As pangs the lab'ring woman feels,
Or as the thief, in midnight ſleep;
So comes that day, for which the wheels
Of time their ceaſeleſs motion keep!

Hark! from the ſky, the trump proclaims
Jeſus the Judge approaching nigh!
See the creation wrapt in flames,
Firſt kindled by his vengeful eye!

When thus the mountains melt like wax;
When earth, and air, and sea ſhall burn;
When all the frame of nature breaks,
Poor ſinner whither wilt thou turn?

The puny works which feeble men
Now boaſt, or covet, or admire;
Their pomp, and arts, and treaſures, then
Shall periſh in one common fire.

Lord, fix our hearts and hopes above,
Since all below to ruin tends;
Here may we truſt, obey, and love,
And there be found amongſt thy friends.

N.

HYMN 192. L. M.

BEHOLD the joyful ſeaſon near,
When Chriſt in glory ſhall appear;
See his aſſembled ſaints around,
With diadems celeſtial crown'd.

All who his bleſt appearance love,
And wait his coming from above;
Now meet the Saviour's ſmiling face,
And ſhare the bounties of his grace.

Array'd in righteouſneſs complete,
With joy they ſtand before his ſeat;
And in that bright apparel dreſt,
Appear the ſons of God confeſt.

Thoſe radient crowns their heads adorn,
Excel the luſtre of the morn;
Their brightneſs ne'er ſhall fade away,
But ſhine to an immortal day.

P.

HYMN 193. L. M.

BEHOLD the Judge, the Saviour comes!
The trumpet wakes the riſing dead;
His throne of judgment he aſſumes,
O'er the wide earth the ſummons ſpread.

Lo! all aſſembled at his bar,
Now ev'ry eye muſt Jeſus ſee;
Proud unbelievers muſt appear,
That fain would from his preſence flee.

The wretch that pierc'd him too ſhall come;
Now harden'd hearts begin to fail;
For each muſt hear his righteous doom,
And all th' ungodly race ſhall wail.

"Hide us ye mountains, hark! (they cry)
From him that ſits upon his throne;
Shield us from his all-piercing eye,
And from his more tremendous frown.

Now dawns the awful day of wrath;
The hour of vengeance is at hand
Which dooms the guilty ſoul to death,
And who may in his preſence ſtand?"

The ſaints alone in that dread hour
With joy and triumph lift their head;
While at his ſight whom they adore,
The earth, the ſea, and ſkies are fled.

P

HYMN 194. C. M.

HEAV'N has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race muſt die;
One general ruin ſweeps them down,
And low in duſt they lie.

Ye living men, the tomb ſurvey,
Where you muſt quickly dwell;
Hark how the awful ſummons ſounds
In ev'ry funeral knell!

Once you muſt die, and once for all;
The ſolemn purport weigh;
For know that heav'n and hell are hung
On that important day.

Thoſe eyes ſo long in darkneſs veil'd,
Muſt wake, the judge to ſee,
And ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought
Muſt paſs his ſcrutiny.

O may I in the judge behold
My Saviour and my friend,
And far beyond the reach of death
With all his ſaints aſcend.

D.

HYMN 195.

THE day approacheth, O my ſoul,
The great deciſive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

Another day more awful dawns,
And lo! the judge appears;
Ye heav'ns retire before his face,
And ſink, ye darken'd ſtars.

Yet does one ſhort preparing hour,
One precious hour remain;
Rouſe thee, my ſoul, with all thy pow'r,
Nor let it paſs in vain.

With me my brethren ſoon muſt die,
And at that bar appear;
Now be our intercourſe improv'd
To mutual comfort here.

For this, thy temple, Lord, we throng;
For this thy board ſurround;
Here may our ſervice be approv'd,
And in thy preſence crown'd.

D.

HYMN 196. S. M.

BEHOLD! with awful pomp
The Judge prepares to come:
Th' arch-angel ſounds the dreadful trump,
And wakes the gen'ral doom.

Nature, in wild amaze,
Her diſſolution mourns:
Bluſhes of blood the moon deface,
The ſun to darkneſs turns.

The living look with dread;
The frighted dead ariſe:
Start from their monumental bed,
And lift their ghaſtly eyes.

Horrors all hearts appal,
They quake, they ſhriek, they cry;
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall;
But rocks and mountains fly.

Ye wilful, wanton fools,
Let danger make you wiſe:
Carnal profeſſors, careleſs ſouls,
Uncloſe your drowſy eyes.

'Tis time we all awake;
The dreadful day draws near;
Sinners, your proud preſumption check,
And ſtop your wild career.

Now is th' accepted time,
To Chriſt for mercy fly:
O turn, repent, and truſt in him,
And you ſhall never die.

Great God in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day:
Help us in Jeſus to believe,
To watch, and wait, and pray.

J. H.

HYMN 197. 7's.

HARK! I hear the trumpet ſound,
How it rends the gaping ground!
See the graves reſign their truſt!
See the ſouls reſume their duſt!

See the ſea give up her dead,
Riſing from her watry bed!
See the God in flames deſcend!
See all nature near her end!

See the angel; hear him ſay,
"This the laſt deciſive day;
"At the bar now all appear,
"Your unchanging doom to hear."

See the wicked trembling ſtand!
Hear the Judge's great command!
"Devils take them to your home,
"Fire and brimſtone is their doom!

But the righteous, how they riſe,
Triumph ſparkling in their eyes!
Angels bear them to their God,
Cleans'd and chang'd by Jeſu's blood.

They with joy the bleſſing hear,
Free from dread, and void of fear:

" Come ye bleſſed, live with me,
" Thro' a vaſt eternity!

" See yon flaming worlds I made,
" Ere I earth's foundation laid:
" Long before your father's fall,
" I lov'd, I bleſt, I choſe you all.

" Once on earth you wanted peace,
" Now your comforts never ceaſe;
" Here ye ſhall for ever reign,
" And all heav'n reſound, Amen!"

G. M.

FUNERAL HYMNS FOR BELIEVERS.

HYMN 198. L. M.

WITH hopeleſs grief no longer weep,
For ſaints that now in "*Jeſus ſleep*;"
What tho' our eyes ſee them no more,
They reſt with him whom we adore.

Tho' number'd with the ſilent dead,
Yet ſhall they live with Chriſt their head;
He will awake their ſlumbering duſt,
At the revival of the juſt.

Swift haſtens the delightful day,
When they ſhall mount their heav'nly way;
When all the ſaints ſhall be reſtor'd,
To dwell with their aſcended Lord!

From the dark ſhades of death they riſe,
To thrones of bliſs above the ſkies;
They now to endleſs life awake,
And everlaſting joys partake.

P.

HYMN 199. C. M.

"WHY flow theſe torrents of diſtreſs?
(The gentle Saviour cries)
" Why are my ſleeping ſaints ſurvey'd
" With unbelieving eyes?

" Death's feeble arm ſhall never boaſt
" A friend of Chriſt is ſlain;
" Nor o'er their meaner part in duſt,
" A laſting pow'r retain.

" I come, on wings of love I come,
" The ſlumberers to awake;
" My voice ſhall reach the deepeſt tomb,
" And all its bonds ſhall break.

"Touch'd by my hand, in ſmiles they riſe;
"They riſe to ſleep no more;
"But rob'd with light, and crown'd with joy,
"To endleſs day they ſoar."

Jeſus, our faith receives thy word,
And tho' fond nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
And emulate their ſleep.

Our willing ſouls thy ſummons wait,
With them to reſt and praiſe;
So let thy much-lov'd preſence cheer
Theſe ſeparating days.

D.

HYMN 200. L. M.

TRANSPORTING tidings which we hear!
What muſic to the pious ear!
Chriſt loves each humble ſaint ſo well,
He with his Lord ſhall ever dwell.

Bleſt Jeſus, ſource of ev'ry grace,
From far to view thy ſmiling face,
While abſent thus by faith we live,
Exceeds all joys that earth can give.

But O! what extacy unknown
Fills the wide circle round thy throne,
Where ev'ry rapt'rous hour appears
Nobler than millions of our years!

Millions by millions multiplied
Shall nee'r thy ſaints from thee divide;
But the bright legions live and praiſe
Thro' all thy own immortal days.

O happy dead, in thee that ſleep,
While o'er their mouldring duſt we weep!
O faithful Saviour! who ſhall come
That duſt to ranſom from the tomb!

While thine unerring word imparts
So rich a cordial to our hearts,
Thro' tears our triumphs ſhall be ſhown
Tho' round their graves and near our own.

D.

HYMN 201. C. M.

SEE the departing ſpirit flies,
To Jeſu's bleſt abode;
In peace, and hope, the body dies,
The ſoul returns to God.

It fears not death, ſecure of life,
Thro' a Redeemer's blood;
It quits a vale of ſin and ſtrife,
For everlaſting good.

Death is diſarm'd of all his pow'r,
And led a captive foe;
No terrors haunt the dying hour,
When Jeſu's love we know.

Arm'd with the righteouſneſs of faith,
With boldneſs we may cry,
"Where's now thy ſting, relentleſs death?
"Grave where's thy victory?"

HYMN 202. L. M.

NOW ceaſe our ſorrowful complaints,
We mourn in hope departed ſaints;
Let this aſſuage our fear and grief,
And give our fainting ſouls relief.

Jeſus the Lord, our glorious head,
Aroſe triumphant from the dead;
And all that ſleep in him ſhall riſe
And mount with him above the ſkies.

When the *Archangel's* Trump ſhall ſound,
Shake the wide earth and cleave the ground,
The dead in Chriſt ſhall firſt revive,
And with him ever reign and live.

The mould'ring duſt that ſhall remain,
A change immortal muſt ſuſtain;
With light and glory ſhall be crown'd,
Where joy ſhall ever more abound.

In triumph they aſcend the ſkies,
And meet their Lord with joyful eyes;
Tranſported meet, to part no more,
From him whom all their ſouls adore.

What happineſs theſe proſpects bring,
Hence ſweeteſt conſolation ſpring;
Theſe promiſes our ſouls receive,
"Departed ſaints with Jeſus live."

T.

HYMN 203. S. M.

THE ſpirits of the juſt
Confin'd in bodies, groan,
Till death conſigns the corpſe to duſt,
And then the conflict's done.

Jeſus, who came to ſave,
The Lamb for ſinners ſlain,
Perfum'd the chambers of the grave,
And made ev'n death our gain.

Why fear we then to truſt
The place where Jeſus lay?
In quiet reſts our brother's duſt;
And thus it ſeems to ſay:

"Forbear, my friends, to weep,
"Since death has loſt its ſting:
"Thoſe chriſtians that in Jeſus ſleep,
"Our God will with him bring."

FOR PUBLIC FASTS.

HYMN 204. C. M.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy ſov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r diſplay:

Yet mercy ſpares this guilty land,
And ſtill we live to pray.

Great God, and why is Britain ſpar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries "Forbear."

What num'rous crimes increaſing riſe
Thro' this moſt ſinful iſle!
What land ſo favour'd thro' the ſkies,
And yet, what land ſo vile!

How chang'd, alas, are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and ſhame!
What impious numbers, bold in ſin,
Diſgrace the chriſtian name!

Regardleſs of thy ſmile or frown,
Falſe pleaſures they require;
And ſink with gay indifference, down
To everlaſting fire.

O turn thou us, almighty Lord,
By thy reſiſtleſs grace;
Then ſhall our hearts receive thy word,
And humbly ſeek thy face.

R. H.

HYMN 205. L. M.

GREAT God! did pious *Abram* pray
For *Sodom's* vile, abandon'd race?
And ſhall not all our ſouls be rous'd
For *Britain* to implore thy grace?

Baſe as we are, does not thine eye
Its choſen thouſands here ſurvey;
Whoſe ſouls, deep humbled, mourn the crouds
Who walk in ſin's deſtructive way?

O Judge ſupreme, let not thy ſword
The righteous with the wicked ſmite:
Nor bury in promiſcuous heaps
Rebels, and ſaints thy chief delight.

For theſe thy children ſpare the land;
Avert the thunders big with death;
Nor let the ſeeds of latent fire
Be kindled by thy flaming breath.

O! be not angry, mighty God,
While duſt and aſhes ſeek thy face;
But gently bending from thy throne,
Renew, and ſtill increaſe the grace.

Jeſus the intercеſſor hear,
And for his ſake thy grace impart;
Which, while it ſtops the fiery ſtream,
Diſſolves the moſt obdurate heart.

Sodom ſhall change to Zion then,
And heav'nly dews be ſcatter'd round,
And plants of paradiſe ſhall ſpring,
Where baleful poiſons curs'd the ground.

D.

HYMN 206. L. M.

LORD, when thine Iſrael we ſurvey,
We in their crimes diſcern our own;
And if thou turn our pray'r away,
Our mis'ry muſt, like their's, be known.

To us thy prophets have been ſent
With words of terror and of love;
But not the vengeance, nor the grace
Ten thouſand ſtubborn hearts will move.

Our eyes are blind, and deaf our ears;
Our hearts are harden'd into ſtone;
As we would bar thy mercy out,
And leave a way for wrath alone.

Juſtly our God might give us up
To plague, to famine, and the ſword;
Till towns and cities, rich and fair,
Lay deſolate without a Lord.

O'er bleeding wounds of ſlaughter'd friends,
Rivers of helpleſs grief might flow,
Till the fierce conqu'ror's haughty rage
Dragg'd us to chains and ſlaughter too.

But ſpare a nation long thy own,
And ſhew new miracles of grace;
'Tis thine to heal the deaf and blind,
And wake the dead to life and praiſe.

D.

HYMN 207. C. M.

ALAS! for Britain and her ſons!
What hath ſhe not to fear?
The ſins that ruin'd Salem once,
O how triumphant here!

Alas, the ſtrong o'erflowing tide,
How fiercely doth it rage!
And each foreboding ſymptom joins,
In terrible preſage.

Jeſus the intercеſſor hear,
And for his ſake thy grace impart;
Which, while it ſtops the fiery ſtream,
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The ſins that ruin'd Salem once,
O how triumphant here!

Alas, the ſtrong o'erflowing tide,
How fiercely doth it rage!
And each foreboding ſymptom joins,
In terrible preſage.

Yet who hath eyes that can diſcern,
Or who an ear to hear?
Whoſe heart is trembling for the ark,
Or for his country dear?

Of Britain oft chaſtis'd and ſav'd,
What ſhall the end be found?
Shall not the ſword that waves ſo long
Inflict the deeper wound?

O ſtay thine arm, all-gracious God;
Thy ſpirit largely pour;
Thou canſt the ſtreams of guilt reſtrain,
And dying love reſtore,

D.

HYMN 208. L. M.

INDULGENT ſov'reign of the ſkies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raiſe their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

How ſhall thy ſervants give thee reſt,
Till Zion's mould'ring walls thou raiſe?
Till thy own pow'r ſhall ſtand confeſs'd,
And make *Jeruſalem* a praiſe?

For this a lowly ſuppliant crowd
Here in thy ſacred temple wait:
For this we lift our voices loud,
And call, and knock at mercy's gate.

Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the deſolation round;
See what wide Realms in darkneſs lie,
And hurl their Idols to the ground.

Loud let the goſpel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar:
Let all the iſles their Saviour know,
And earth's remoteſt ends draw near.

Let *Babylon's* proud altars ſhake,
And light invade her darkeſt gloom;
The yoke of iron bondage break,
The yoke of *Satan* and of *Rome*.

With gentle beams of mercy ſhine,
And bleſs thy people and thy prieſts;
And by thine energy divine,
Let ſacred love o'erflow their breaſts.

Triumphant let our Jeſus reign,
And on his vineyard ſweetly ſmile;
While all the virtues of his train
Adorn thy church, and this our iſle.

On all our ſouls let grace deſcend,
Like heav'nly dew in copious ſhow'rs,
That we may call our God our friend,
That we my hail ſalvation ours.

Then ſhall each age and rank agree
United ſhouts of joy to raiſe;
And Zion, made a praiſe by thee,
To thee ſhall render back the praiſe.

D.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

HYMN 209. P. M.

COME thou dear, all-lovely Jeſus,
Help us, Lord, to live to thee;
From the pow'r of ſin releaſe us,
Alpha and Omega be;
Come thou lovely, &c. Chief among ten thouſand fair.

Great redeemer, take poſſeſſion,
Slay that foe, indwelling ſin;
Give the joy of thy ſalvation,
Thou alone canſt make us clean;
Bleſſed Jeſus, On thy promiſes we lean.

Of thy love ſo freely given,
Will we ſing while here we ſtay;
Sov'reign grace, the theme of heaven,
Till we hence ſhall ſoar away!
Happy moment, When our Saviour we ſhall ſee.

Children we, and heirs of glory,
Purchas'd by thy precious blood,
View thee altogether lovely,
Who for us ſo willing ſtood;
Glorious ranſom, Well-beloved ſon of God.

Not by works, or any fitneſs
Thou in us didſt ever ſee;
This we every one can witneſs,
That thy love was wond'rous free;
Not our merits, Grace from all eternity.

Freely choſen and elected,
Lord we wait the joyful hour,
For our glorious change expected,
Faſhion'd like thee evermore.
In thy image, By thy own almighty pow'r.

G. M.

HYMN 210. L. M.

JESUS, thy lovely ſelf reveal,
Are we not met in thy great name?

Thee in the midſt we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the ſpreading flame.

Truly our fellowſhip below,
With thee and with thy Father is;
In thee eternal life we know,
And heav'n's unutterable bliſs.

In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above;
Then ſhall thy ſaints behold thee near,
And ev'ry ſoul be loſt in love.

R. H.

HYMN 211. 7's.

NOW with joint conſent we ſing
Glory to our God and King;
All our hearts and voices raiſe
To proclaim the Saviour's praiſe.

While in him we live and move,
He defends us by his love;
Wand'ring thro' this deſert land,
He upholds us by his hand.

He, in ev'ry time and place,
Manifeſts his guardian grace;
Ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
Shields us by his conſtant pow'r.

While we ſee each other's face,
Gladly we unite to bleſs
Him, that leads us by his love
To his bliſsful throne above.

May we walk with God below,
In his likeneſs daily grow,
Till our joyful ſpirits riſe,
To behold him in the ſkies!

R. H.

HYMN 212. L. M.

WE bleſs the Lord whoſe tender care
Directs us on where'er we ſtray;
Whoſe conſtant love ſhall ſtill prepare,
And keep us in the narrow way.

We bleſs the ſun of righteouſneſs,
Whoſe beams command our night to ceaſe;
Whoſe ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
Whoſe paths are all the paths of peace.

Thy cloudy pillar all the day
Shall guard us thro' the burning light;
While brighter glories ſhall diſplay
Thy cheering preſence thro' the night.

So let us learn, where'er we go,
To yield obedience to thy call;
To ſee thy footſteps here below,
And ſerve thee as our all in all.

R. H.

HYMN 213. C. M.

JESUS, thou ſun of righteouſneſs,
All glorious and divine;
Thy people with thy preſence bleſs,
In our aſſemblies ſhine.

Thy healing beams alone can cheer
Hearts pain'd with inward grief;
The ſoul oppreſs'd with guilt and fear,
In thee finds ſweet relief.

If thou thy righteouſneſs diſplay,
And make thy merits known,
Our hearts ſhall learn thy wond'rous grace,
And thy great goodneſs own.

Our tongues ſhall thy redeeming love
With ſacred rapture tell;
And loud reſound Immanuel's praiſe,
Who ſaves from death and hell.

P.

HYMN 214.

SOME ſweet ſavour
Of thy favour,
Shed abroad in ev'ry heart;
Heav'nward as to Thee we go,
Leaving all things here below:
Bleſſing, praiſing
Without ceaſing,
Bid us, Lord, depart.

H.

ZION COMFORTED.

HYMN 215. 11's.

O Zion afflicted With wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, Whom no man can ſave;
With darkneſs ſurrounded, By terrors diſmay'd,
In toiling and rowing, Thy ſtrength is decay'd.

Tho' loud roaring billows Doth nigh overwhelm,
Thy *Pilot* is ſkilful Who ſits at the helm:
His wiſdom conducts thee; His power defends;
In ſafety and quiet Thy warfare he ends.

O fearful! O faithleſs! In mercy he cries;
My promiſe, my truth, Are they light in thine eyes?
Still, ſtill I am with thee, My promiſe ſhall ſtand;
Thro' tempeſt and toſſing, I'll bring thee to land,

Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name
Engrav'd on my heart Shall for ever remain:
The palms of my hands whilſt I look on, I ſee
The wounds I received When ſuff'ring for thee.

I feel at my heart all Thy ſighs and thy groans,
For thou art moſt near me, My fleſh and my bones;
In all thy diſtreſſes Thy head feels the pain,
Yet all are moſt needful, Not one is in vain.

Then truſt me, and fear not, Thy life is ſecure,
My wiſdom is perfect, Supreme is my pow'r;
In love I correct thee, Thy ſoul to refine,
To make thee at length, In my likeneſs to ſhine.

The fooliſh, the fearful, The weak are my care,
The helpleſs, the hopeleſs, I hear their ſad pray'r:
From all their afflictions My glory ſhall ſpring;
The deeper their ſorrows, The louder they'll ſing.

L. H.

HYMN 216. L. M.

NOW let each mourning ſoul rejoice,
To hear our God and Saviour's voice;
A voice of love that ſaith to thee,
"*As is thy day thy ſtrength ſhall be.*"

In ſoreſt trials from the Lord
Still truſt your Father's faithful word;
His promiſe is both ſure and free,
"*As is thy day, thy ſtrength ſhall be.*"

Whate'er may be thy ſoul's complaint,
The Lord preſcribes for ev'ry ſaint;
This is a ſov'reign remedy,
"*As is thy day, thy ſtrength ſhall be.*"

Should all the hoſt of hell combine,
If God omnipotent be thine,
Thou wilt obtain the victory,
For "*As thy day, thy ſtrength ſhall be.*"

Then, trembling ſaint, the Saviour truſt,
He will not let thy ſoul be loſt;
In life and death, thou ſure ſhalt ſee,
"*As is thy day, thy ſtrength ſhall be.*"

H. C. G.

HYMN 217. L. M.

MOURNERS in Zion, hear the voice
Of your chaſtiſing Father, God:
Let this your troubled hearts rejoice,
E'en while you feel his ſmarting rod.

The Lord his ſuff'ring ſaints will own,
And cauſe the rod to yield them food;
Their ev'ry trial, tear, and groan,
Now work together for their good.

From heaviest croſſes here below,
Our ſweeteſt comforts often ſpring:
And by thoſe trials chriſtians know,
The love of Chriſt, their God, and King.

H. C. G. a.

HYMN 218. L. M.

AFFLICTED ſaints in God rejoice,
Whate'er your trials now may be:
Attend Jehovah's gracious voice,
He'll bring you from captivity.

Tho' for the preſent ye may mourn,
Or long bewail your wretched ſtate:

The God of love will ſoon return,
And make your joys divinely great.

Afflictions but your ſouls refine,
And your corruptions more ſubdue;
The furnace makes you brighter ſhine,
And brings the grace of God to view.

The ſaints are God's peculiar care;
He for your help is ever nigh:
Your ſuff'rings he himſelf doth ſhare,
And keeps and ſaves you with his eye.

Then patiently ye ſaints endure,
Your heav'nly Father's gentle rod:
His promis'd grace and ſtrength are ſure,
And he will prove a faithful God.

H. C. G.

HYMN 219. L. M.

YES, 'tis the voice of love divine!
And O! how ſweet the accents ſound!
Afflicted *Zion*, riſe and ſhine,
Fair mourner proſtrate on the ground.

The mighty God, thy glorious King,
Tender to pity, ſtrong to ſave,

Hath ſworn he will ſalvation bring,
Tho' ſorrows preſs thee to the grave.

He all a Father's pleaſure knows,
To fold thee in his dear embrace;
His heart with ſecret joy o'erflows,
And chearful ſmiles adorn his face.

He'll turn thy ſorrow into joy,
Tho' gloomy doubts thy ſoul invade:
The pow'rs of hell will oft annoy,
But Chriſt is thy ſalvation made.

Then let thy lips in concert join,
And ſpread Jehovah's praiſe abroad;
Thy foes around will oft combine,
But he'll appear thy conq'ring God.

D. a.

HYMN 220. C. M.

YE little flock whom Jeſus feeds,
Diſmiſs your anxious cares;
Look to the Shepherd of your ſouls,
And ſmile away your fears.

Tho' wolves and lions prowl around,
His ſtaff is your defence:
Midſt ſands and rocks your Shepherd's voice
Calls ſtreams and paſtures thence.

Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feebleſt child his love ſhall call
To triumph in his ſight.

Ten thouſand praiſes, Lord, we bring
For ſure ſupports like theſe:
And o'er the pious dead we ſing
Thy living promiſes.

For all we hope and they enjoy,
We bleſs a Saviour's name;
Nor ſhall that ſtroke diſturb the ſong,
Which breaks this mortal frame.

D.

THE COMING SINNER.

HYMN 221. 7's.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
God by higheſt heav'n ador'd,
How ſhall ſuch a wretch as I
To thine awful throne draw nigh?
Juſtly might thy vengeful pow'r
Sink me, that I riſe no more;

Strike my ſinful ſoul to hell,
There in endleſs flames to dwell.

Yet, my God, I ſtill muſt come;
If I tarry, death's my doom;
If I come, I can but die;
Father, caſt a pitying eye!
Look! O look into my heart:
See the agonizing ſmart;
Surely thou haſt put it there!
Grace hath wrought this ſelf deſpair.

Wilt thou let me periſh, Lord?
Will not Jeſus help afford?
Yes: methinks I hear him ſay,
"Chriſt can take thy guilt away."
Bleſſed Father, hear my cry,
Thou who gav'ſt thy ſon to die:
Free ſalvation now impart
To my anxious, waiting heart.

Jeſus, ſon of God and Man,
Save me, for thy merit can!
Lord I cannot give thee reſt,
Till thy ſpirit makes me bleſt:
Then I'll ſpeak thine endleſs praiſe;
Tell the wonders of thy grace;
Join the ranſom'd hoſts above;
Shout, with them, redeeming love.

G. M.

HYMN 222. 6-7.

O WHERE, thou bleeding Jeſus,
Shall guilty ſinners find
An hand that can releaſe us,
And eaſe our troubled mind?
The voice that whiſpers mercy,
How ſhould I joy to hear!
That can, when winds blow fiercely,
Make perfect calm appear!

On earth's tempeſt'ous ocean
My floating veſſel's toſt:
Ah, ſee the great commotion,
Nor let my ſoul be loſt,
From Jordan's ſwelling river
A ſinking ſinner ſave,
I periſh! O deliver,
And ſnatch me from the grave.

See, Lord, the ſtorm's increaſing;
The foaming billows roar:
My God, I cry, unceaſing,
Ah, waft me to the ſhore!
The depth of fallen nature
O teach me how to flee;
And make me a new creature,
A wreck reſtor'd in thee.

Then I, the ſummit gaining
Of Sion's ſacred hill,
Shall ever ceaſe complaining
A baſe corrupted will:
No more by tempeſts driven,
My ſoul aloud ſhall boaſt;
And hail the King of Heaven,
On the eternal coaſt.

HYMN 223. C. M.

O LORD, inſpire with heav'nly fire
This ſin-ſick ſoul of mine!
And let thy grace ſhine on my face
With beams of love divine.

My fears diſpel as far as hell,
Or diſtant lands unknown:
Remove my doubts far from my thoughts,
And own me for thy own.

When troubles riſe, do not diſguiſe
Thy balmy love from me:
With cordials ſweet do thou me meet
Say, this belongs to thee.

When chilling fears ring in my ears,
And black deſpair does ſwell,
Do thou impart grace to my heart,
Theſe glooms for to diſpel.

When trials keen about me teem,
Be thou my rock and tow'r;
When ſet all round O be thou found
In that diſtreſſing hour.

O give that faith which none elſe hath,
But thoſe for whom thou bled;
Say, "I am thine," and "thou art mine,"
"For *thee* my blood was ſhed."

O may thy love, celeſtial Dove,
Direct me in the way;
Till I ſhall be for e'er with thee,
In the bright realms of day!

G. M.

HYMN 224. C. M.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem:
Who gave his life that ſouls might live
A life conceal'd in him.

O that I could this bleſſing prove,
My heart's extreme deſire:
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.

Mercy I aſk to ſeal my peace,
That kept by mercy's pow'r,
I may from ev'ry evil ceaſe,
And never grieve thee more.

Lord if thy gracious will it be,
Ev'n now my ſins remove;
And ſet my ſoul at liberty,
By thy victorious love.

In anſwer to my earneſt pray'rs,
Thou pard'ning God deſcend!
Number me with ſalvation's heirs,
My ſins and troubles end.

Nothing I aſk ſo much beſide,
Of all in earth or heav'n:
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiv'n.

L.

HYMN 225. L. M.

ELOP'D from home, and vagrant like,
I've left my tender father's care:

Now pining want my ſoul doth ſtrike,
And huſks remain my only fare.

Ev'n theſe deny'd; I periſh now,
And if I tarry here I die:
I will ariſe, my ſins avow,
And to my father's houſe will fly.

O father, canſt thou now forgive
A vile, prophane, apoſtate ſon?
Doth in thy breaſt compaſſion live?
And canſt thou grant me one more boon?

That in thy houſe, a ſervant I
May now remain while life ſhall laſt?
No more I aſk—my hopes rely,
I of thy ſervants bread ſhall taſte.

'Twas thus the ſupplicating ſon,
Addreſſ'd an injur'd Father's ear;
But ere that half his ſuit was done,
From eyes paternal flow'd the tear!

A father's love could not refrain,
From cloſe embraces to receive
The dear loſt prodigal again,
That he again might eat and live.

'Tis thus our heav'nly Father ſhows
Compaſſion to each froward ſon:
His love no mortal ever knows,
Till this forgiving work is done.

a.

HYMN 226. C. M.

A DAWN of hope my ſoul revives,
And baniſhes deſpair;
If yet for me Immanuel lives,
To plead his potent pray'r.

Diſpel then, Lord, theſe ſhades of night,
My ſullen doubts remove;
O ſend a ray of heav'nly light,
And let me taſte thy love.

G. M.

INFANT BAPTISM.

HYMN 227. C. M.

BEHOLD, what condeſcending love
Jeſus on earth diſplays;

To babes and ſucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

The parents heart with tranſport fill'd,
Bring their young children near;
That they his bleſſing may partake,
And in his favour ſhare.

See! he receives the tender babes,
With ſmiles upon his face;
And while his bleſſing rich deſcends,
His gracious arms embrace.

"*Forbid them not,*" whom Jeſus calls,
Nor dare their claim reſiſt;
Let none the infant race deſpiſe,
For heav'n of ſuch conſiſts.

They who his kingdom not receive,
Ev'n as a little child;
That kingdom never ſhall enjoy,
But be from bliſs exil'd.

P.

HYMN 228. S. M.

BY what amazing ways
The Lord vouchſafes t'explain
The wonders of his ſov'reign grace
Towards the ſons of men!

He ſhews us firſt how foul
Our nature's made by ſin:
Then teaches the believing ſoul
The way to make it clean.

Water the body laves,
And if 'tis done by faith,
The blood of Jeſus ſurely ſaves
The ſinful ſoul from death.

Water no man denies,
But yet we reſt not here;
'Tis faith in Chriſt that juſtifies,
And makes the conſcience clear.

This faith, O Lord, beſtow,
And to this child impart:
Give him thy ſaving grace to know,
And purify his heart.

J. H. a.

HYMN 229. C. M.

FATHER of heav'n we thee addreſs;
(Obedience is our view)
Accept us in thy ſon; and bleſs
The work we have to do.

Jeſus, as water well apply'd
Will make the body clean;
So in the fountain of thy ſide,
Waſh thou this ſoul from ſin.

Celeſtial Dove, deſcend from high,
And on the water brood;
And with thy quick'ning pow'r apply
The water and the blood.

Great God, on thee again we call,
And our requeſts renew;
Accept in Chriſt, and bleſs withal
The work we've now to do.

Regenerate and cleanſe this child,
From all the filth of ſin;
And by thy ſpirit well apply'd,
Give it new life within.

J. H. a.

ORDINATION OF MINISTERS.

HYMN 230. L. M.

SHEPHERD of Iſrael, thou doſt keep
With conſtant care thy humble ſheep;

By thee inferior Paſtors riſe
To feed our ſouls, and bleſs our eyes.

To all thy churches ſuch impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart;
Whoſe courage, watchfulneſs, and love,
Men may atteſt, and God approve.

Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all thy ſheep appear;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's paſture's tread.

Here haſt thou liſten'd to our vows,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings on thy houſe;
Thy ſaints are ſuccour'd, and no more
As ſheep without a guide deplore.

Compleatly heal each former ſtroke,
And bleſs the ſhepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raiſe,
And own this tribute of our praiſe.

D.

HYMN 231. C. M.

CHIEF Shepherd of thy choſen ſheep,
From death and ſin ſet free;
May ev'ry under-ſhepherd keep
His eye intent on thee!

With plenteous grace their hearts prepare
To execute thy will;
Compaſſion, patience, love and care,
And faithfulneſs and ſkill.

Enflame their minds with holy zeal
Their flocks to feed and teach;
And let them live and let them feel
The ſacred truths they preach.

Oh, never let the ſheep complain
That toys which fools amuſe,
Ambition, pleaſure, praiſe or gain,
Debaſe the ſhepherd's views.

He that for theſe forbears to feed
The ſouls whom Jeſus loves,
Whate'er he may profeſs or plead,
An idle ſhepherd proves.

The ſword of God ſhall break his arm,
A blaſt ſhall blind his eye;
His word ſhall have no pow'r to warm,
His gifts ſhall all go dry.

O Lord, avert this heavy woe,
Let all thy ſhepherds ſay!
And grace, and ſtrength on each beſtow,
To labour while 'tis day.

N.

HYMN 232. L. M.

THOU Shepherd of thy flock elect,
Let not thy gracious ear reject
The pray'rs which now before thy throne,
We would prefer through thee alone.

At thy command thy ſervants go
Thro' theſe dark realms of ſin and woe:
Obedient to thy ſov'reign will,
They truſt alone thy pow'r and ſkill.

It was thy pleaſure to engage
Thy ſervants true from age to age,
To preach the goſpel of thy grace
To Adam's ruin'd helpleſs race.

And now behold before thee ſtands,
The workmanſhip of thine own hands:
Anoint him with that holy fire,
Which did thy prophets once inſpire.

Within thy quiver let him be,
A poliſh'd ſhaft to work for thee:
And let his ſoul moſt richly prove,
The heights of thy redeeming love.

Thro' all the way be thou his guide,
Nor let his footſteps ever ſlide:

In this thy vineyard let him be
A faithful witneſs, Lord, for thee.

And bleſs the church where now he ſtands,
Bleſs thou the labour of his hands;
That flock and paſtor may enjoy
Eternal bliſs in realms of day.

a.

HYMN 233. 7-8.

WATCHMAN, now aſcend the tower,
Warn the flock of Satan's ſnares,
Guard them from his curſed pow'r;
'Mongſt the wheat he ſows the tares.

Say, our gracious Lord receiveth
All the ſin-ſick of our race;
Safe from ev'ry danger keepeth,
Circled round with ſov'reign grace.

Point them out the great Phyſician,
Who has med'cines ſtill in ſtore,
Suited to each ſoul's condition;
And a plaiſter for each ſore.

Imitate the God-man preacher,
Humble, lowly be to all;
If too confident a creature,
You moſt certainly will fall.

Go, and boldly tell thy miſſion,
Sound the goſpel trump aloud!
Faith, repentance, and remiſſion,
Publiſh to the waiting crowd.

Then, when this ſhort life is ended,
Summon'd by the Saviour home;
Thou with choſen ſaints aſcended,
Shalt ſurround his glorious throne.

ON THUNDER.

HYMN 234. C. M.

GREAT is the Lord, our glorious God,
Who reigns in heav'n above;
Dreadful the terrors of his rod,
But wond'rous is his love.

In thunder's awful voice we hear
The threat'nings of his word:
Nor leſs when forked light'nings glare,
Commiſſion'd by their Lord.

Arm'd with his wrath they blaſt his foes;
But wing'd with love they fly,
To bear the ſouls his grace hath choſe,
To manſions in the ſky.

What tho' my Lord his pow'r diſplays,
And makes his wonders known,
Yet ſtill the object of his grace
Is each adopted ſon:

Theſe are his ſheep, his conſtant care,
Their Shepherd's eye ſhall guard
This trembling flock when danger's near,
Himſelf their great reward.

While Jeſus lives, nor earth nor ſkies,
Shall e'er my ſoul diſtreſs:
My pardon is his ſacrifice,
My peace his righteouſneſs.

Fearleſs, tho' thunders o'er me roll.
Or light'nings round me burſt;
His word's the comfort of my ſoul,
His promiſes my truſt. *G. M.*

HYMN 235. C. M.

WHEN a black o'erſpreading cloud
Has darken'd all the air,
And peals of thunder roaring loud,
Proclaim the tempeſt near;

Then guilt and fear, the fruits of ſin,
The ſinner oft purſue;
A louder ſtorm is heard within,
And conſcience thunders too.

The law a fiery language ſpeaks,
His danger he perceives;
Like Satan who his ruin ſeeks,
He trembles and believes.

But when the ſky ſerene appears,
And thunders roll no more,
He ſoon forgets his vows and fears,
Juſt as he did before.

But whither ſhall the ſinner flee,
When nature's mighty frame,
The pond'rous earth, and air, and ſea,
Shall all diſſolve in flame?

Amazing day! it comes apace!
The judge is haſting down!
Will ſinners bear to ſee his face,
Or ſtand before his frown?

Lord, let thy mercy find a way
To touch each ſtubborn heart;
That they may never hear thee ſay,
"Ye curſed ones depart."

Believers, you may well rejoice!
The thunder's loudeſt ſtrains
Should be to you a welcome voice,
That tells you "Jeſus reigns!"

N.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

HYMN 236. C. M.

JESUS, thy glory fills the ſkies,
Plant of renown thou art;
A tree deſir'd to make one wiſe,
And cheer a drooping heart.

Upon thee grows right precious fruit,
Freſh blooming all the year;
Which ev'ry famiſh'd ſoul will ſuit,
And with'ring health repair.

Upon this fruit whoever feeds,
Nor want nor care he knows;
None other food he ſeeks or needs,
This healeth all his woes.

The fruit is righteouſneſs divine,
To cleanſe and clothe the ſoul;
And all, who on the fruit can dine,
Are made completely whole.

Not like the tree of knowledge, fair,
Yet treach'rous to the eye!
Whoever comes to banquet here,
Shall eat and never die.

Thou, Lord, art goſpel bread and food,
Thou art a joyous feaſt;
To eat thy fleſh and drink thy blood,
Is goſpel health and reſt.

Thy life and death are my repaſt,
The precious fruit of grace;
And when this dainty food I taſte,
I live, and love, and bleſs.

J. B.

HYMN 237. L. M.

[Most of this Hymn was compoſed extempore while a ſermon was preaching from Geneſis Chap. 3, ver. 24.]

WHEN man thro' ſin from God did fall,
And by that ſin did ruin all:
A tree in Eden's garden ſtood,
A tree of life, prepar'd by God.

Likewiſe the tree of knowledge, fair,
The teſt of man's obedience there:
Obedience fail'd, and man was driv'n
From Eden's garden and from heav'n.

The tree of life no more he view'd,
Before it *holy cherubs* ſtood;
A *flaming ſword* with wrath did burn,
Which way ſoever it did turn.

Preſumptuous man thus life reſign'd,
And fruit immortal left behind:
No more he dar'd to venture nigh,
He ſinn'd; and for that ſin muſt die.

But ſtill the tree of life remains,
It grows on Eden's happy plains:
A healing pow'r it there diſplays,
Our ſinking, dying hopes to raiſe.

Acceſs thereto is God's free gift,
And ſinners now their eyes may lift,
And view the fruit which grows thereon,
Which life reſtores thro' God's dear ſon.

Tho' holy cherubs guard the tree,
To it may guilty ſinners flee;
The flaming ſword that near it ſtood,
Was drench'd in our Redeemer's blood.

The weak, the wounded, ſick and ſore,
May now partake its ſov'reign pow'r:
Immortal life 'tis ſure to give,
And we may taſte, and eat, and live.

To God the Son be glory now,
From him our hopes of life doth grow;
HE is the tree, the leaves, the fruit,
Which ev'ry ſinner's caſe will ſuit.

CHRIST's VICTORY OVER HIS ENEMIES.

HYMN 238. C. M.

SEE! where the mighty Saviour comes
From *Edom's* hoſtile plains;
A crimſon veſture he aſſumes,
And blood his raiment ſtains.

From *Bozrah*, glorious he appears,
His *robes* with vict'ry ſhine;
Compleat ſalvation, lo! he wears
With majeſty divine!

Why, gracious Lord! art thou array'd
In veſts of purple glow?
Thy garments tinged like the ſtreams
That from the wine-preſs flow?

"The wine-preſs I myſelf have trod,
"And with me there was none;
"Your ſtrength and your ſalvation ſtood
"Compleat in me alone.

"The day of vengeance now is near,
"Of vengeance to my foes;
"Which to my joyful ſaints ſhall bring
"Redemption from their woes.

" The ſword of Juſtice in my hand
" Shall ſmite the rebel race,
" That dare my government reſiſt,
And trample on my *grace*.

P.

HYMN 239. L. M.

JEHOVAH Jeſus! who ſhall dare
With him to tempt unequal war?
What heart of ſteel ſhall dare t'oppoſe,
And league among his harden'd foes?

At his command the light'nings dart,
And death arreſts the rebel heart;
Earth trembles at his look, and cleaves,
And legions ſink in living graves.

Where are thoſe haughty monarchs now,
Who ſcorn'd his word with low'ring brow?
Where are the trophies of their reign?
What of their pride doth now remain?

Lo! Pharoah ſunk beneath the tide!
And Babel's tyrant (mad with pride)
Graz'd with the beaſts! and Herod roar'd,
While worms his deity devour'd!

More awful thoſe who from the ſkies,
For ever ſunk no more to riſe:

Cherubs of rank from thrones of light,
Chain'd down in flames, and endleſs night!

And now behold! the dragon ſinks,
And of the cup of vengeance drinks:
From heav'n he's hurl'd, and doom'd to dwell
Deep in the fiery gloom of hell.

Ye heav'ns with all your hoſts rejoice,
Ye ſaints in conſort lend your voice:
Approach your Lord's victorious ſeat,
He'll tread your foes beneath your feet.

Triumphant Lamb, in worlds unknown,
With joy thy ſaints ſurround thy throne:
Thy vict'ries and thy love repeat,
And lay their trophies at thy feet. *D. a.*

FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 240. C. M.

TO celebrate the Saviour's name
Let all his ſaints agree;
And joyful round his table meet,
In ſacred harmony.

"In mem'ry of your bleeding Lord,
"*Do this*" (the Saviour cries;)

For ever be his name ador'd,
Who for our ranſom dies.

We recognize his matchleſs love,
Whilſt *bread* and *wine* we taſte;
And antedate the joys above,
In this delightful feaſt.

Here we with admiration view
The wonders of his grace;
But we ſhall joys ſublimer know,
And ſee him face to face.

Delightful hopes we entertain,
(His promiſe gave them birth)
That we ſhall meet our Lord again,
And reign upon the earth.

P.

HYMN 241. L. M.

IN mem'ry of our dying Lord,
We take the ſacred *bread* and *wine*;
And thankfully his grace record,
How bright his love and mercy ſhine!

In lively figures here we ſee
The crucify'd Redeemer's face,
Expiring on the curſed tree,
To ranſom our apoſtate race.

Sinners to ſave from endleſs woes,
The wrath divine he ſinks beneath;
The *law's* dread curſe he undergoes,
At once diſarming *ſin* and *death*.

Here Jeſus all his grace diſplays,
And makes his brighteſt glories known;
To him each ſaint glad homage pays,
And triumphs in his croſs alone.

P.

HYMN. 242. C. M.

THE kind Redeemer us invites
To meet around his *board*;
That we may taſte the rich delights
His bounty doth afford.

"This is my body broke for you
(The ſuff'ring Saviour cries)
"With holy admiration view
"Th' atoning ſacrifice.

"For many ſhall my blood be ſhed,
"Remiſſion to obtain;
"And they, to life divine reſtor'd,
"With me ſhall ever reign."

Jeſus! may thy redeeming love,
Be grav'd on ev'ry heart!

Till we ſhall reach the worlds above,
Nor ever thence depart.

P.

HYMN 243. S. M.

HOW ſhall a mortal tongue
Speak Jeſu's love divine?
This theme demands an angel's ſong,
While ſaints with rapture join.

To ſing the heav'nly Lamb,
That once for ſin was ſlain;
He bore our ſins, and curſe, and ſhame,
That we with him might reign.

In honour of our Lord
We keep this ſacred feaſt;
The dying Saviour hath prepar'd
For ev'ry welcome gueſt.

Here we his name record
And call his grace to mind;
Who to redeem our ſouls from death,
His life for us reſign'd.

While we thoſe ſorrows ſee
That juſtice did atone;
In thankfulneſs we bow the knee
Before his gracious throne.

P.

HYMN 244. L. M.

NOW let the Saviour's name be bleſt,
Who calls us to this heav'nly feaſt;
The feaſt of his redeeming love,
To fit our ſouls for joys above.

Here ſaints with admiration ſee
The wonders of his agony;
His boundleſs mercy here we own,
And triumph in his croſs alone.

The comforts which his grace imparts,
Cheer and revive our fainting hearts;
Joyful we at the banquet feed,
And find 'tis "nouriſhment indeed."

P.

N. B. Several ſuitable Hymns for the Lord's Table may be found among thoſe on the Paſſion.

DISMISSION HYMNS.

HYMN 245. L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe Chriſt the Lord, who lov'd us ſo:
Lord, give to ev'ry human heart,
To taſte and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love, and rev'rent fear,
To know how bleſt thy children are.

HYMN 246. L. M.

GRANT us a parting bleſſing, Lord,
Deſcend and bring it from thy throne:
Prepare each heart for thine abode,
Poſſeſs and claim us for thy own.

Our various ſteps through life attend,
Direct and keep us on thy way,
And land us at our journey's end,
Safe in the realms of endleſs day.

There ſhall we ſing thy charming name
In loftier, more ſeraphic ſtrains;
And loud hoſannas to the Lamb,
Shall echo thro' the heav'nly plains.

HYMN 247.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Be praiſe amidſt the heav'nly hoſt,
And in the church below!
From whom all creatures drew their birth,
By whom redemption bleſt the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

HYMN 248. S. M.

WE bleſs the Father's name,
Who choſe us in his love:
To God the Son we give the ſame,
Our advocate above.

The ſpirit of the Lord,
We alſo magnify,
Who conquers by the goſpel ſword,
And brings us ſtrangers nigh.

HYMN 249. L. M.

PRAISE God that choſe us in his ſon,
Before or ſin or time begun;
Praiſe him that groan'd, and bled, and dy'd,
Praiſe Jeſus Chriſt the crucified.

Praiſe God the Spirit by whoſe breath
Dead ſouls are rais'd from ſin and death,
And taught with ſaints above to ſing,
Hoſannah to their God and King!

Praiſe our Jehovah one in three,
Praiſe him thro' all eternity;
Praiſe him ye ſaints and heav'nly hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMN 250. C. M.

FATHER of angels and of men,
Saviour who haſt us bought,
Spirit, by whom we're born again,
And ſanctify'd and taught!

Thy glory, Holy Three in One,
Thy people's ſong ſhall be,
Long as the wheels of time ſhall run
Through all eternity.

THE END.